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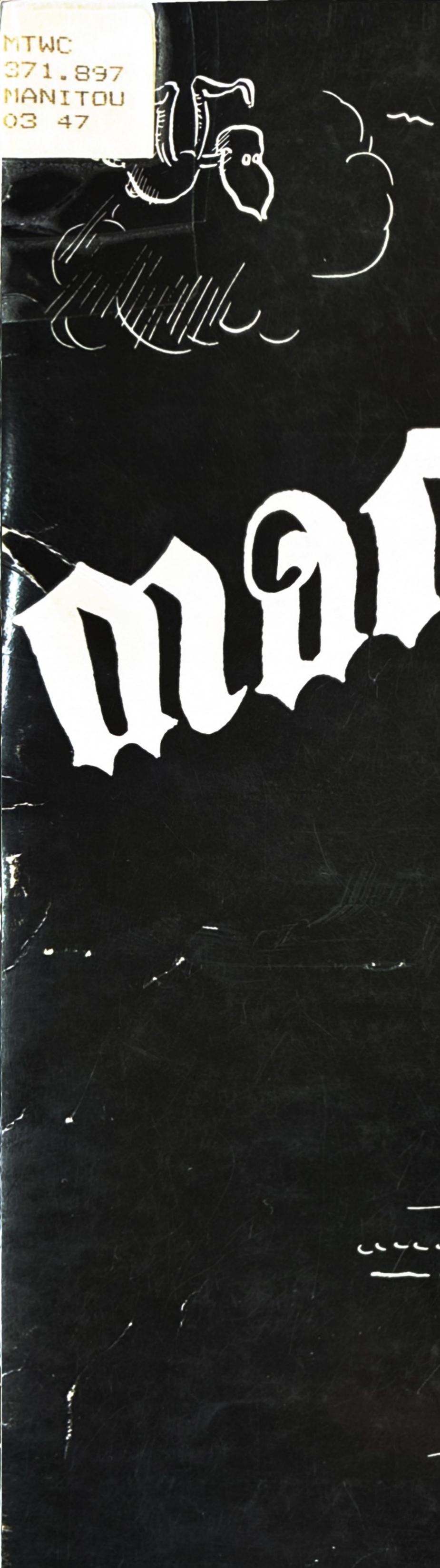

Manitou

Simplified Pressure Cooking . . .

MIRRO-MATIC

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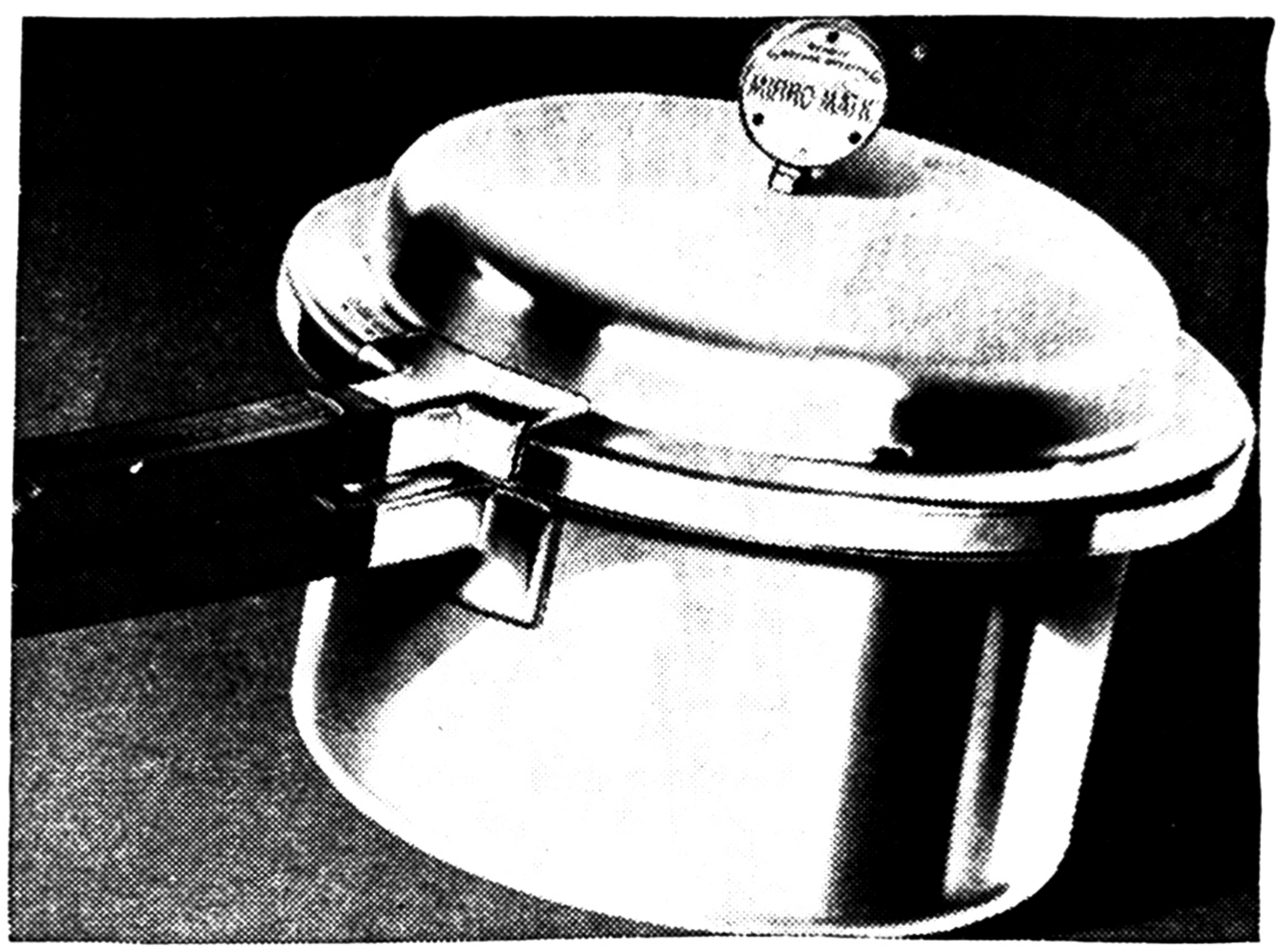

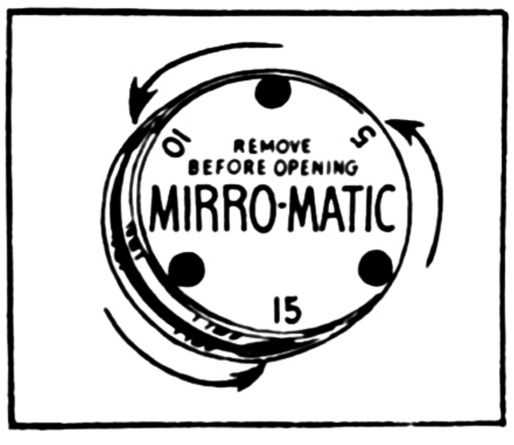

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Enjoy tender flavorful foods cooked the speedy, simple, efficient MIRRO-MATIC way with more of the natural color, vitamins and minerals retained.

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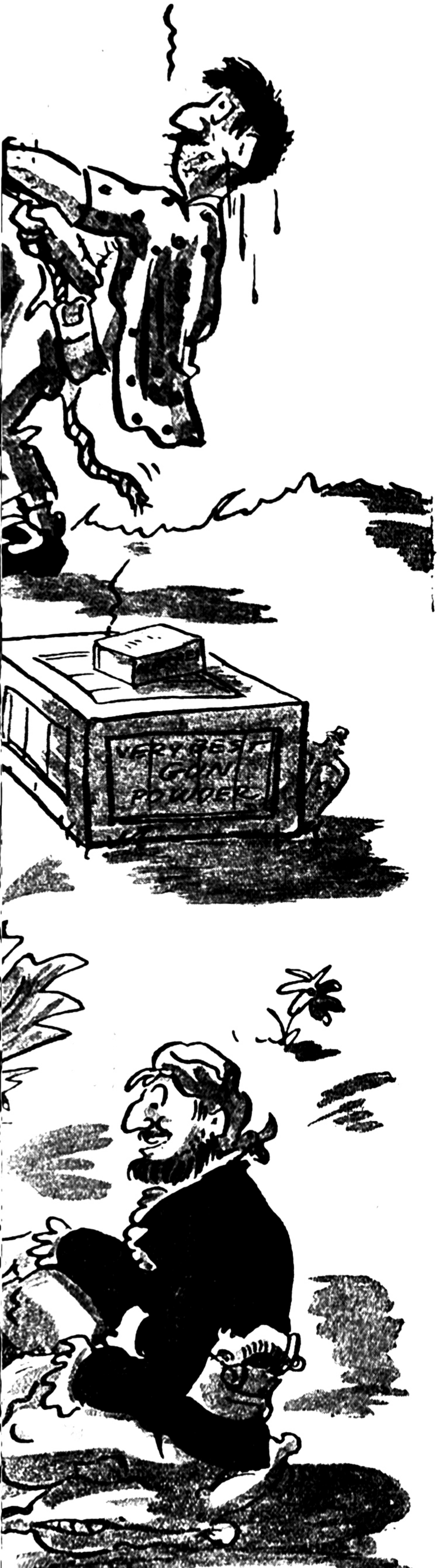

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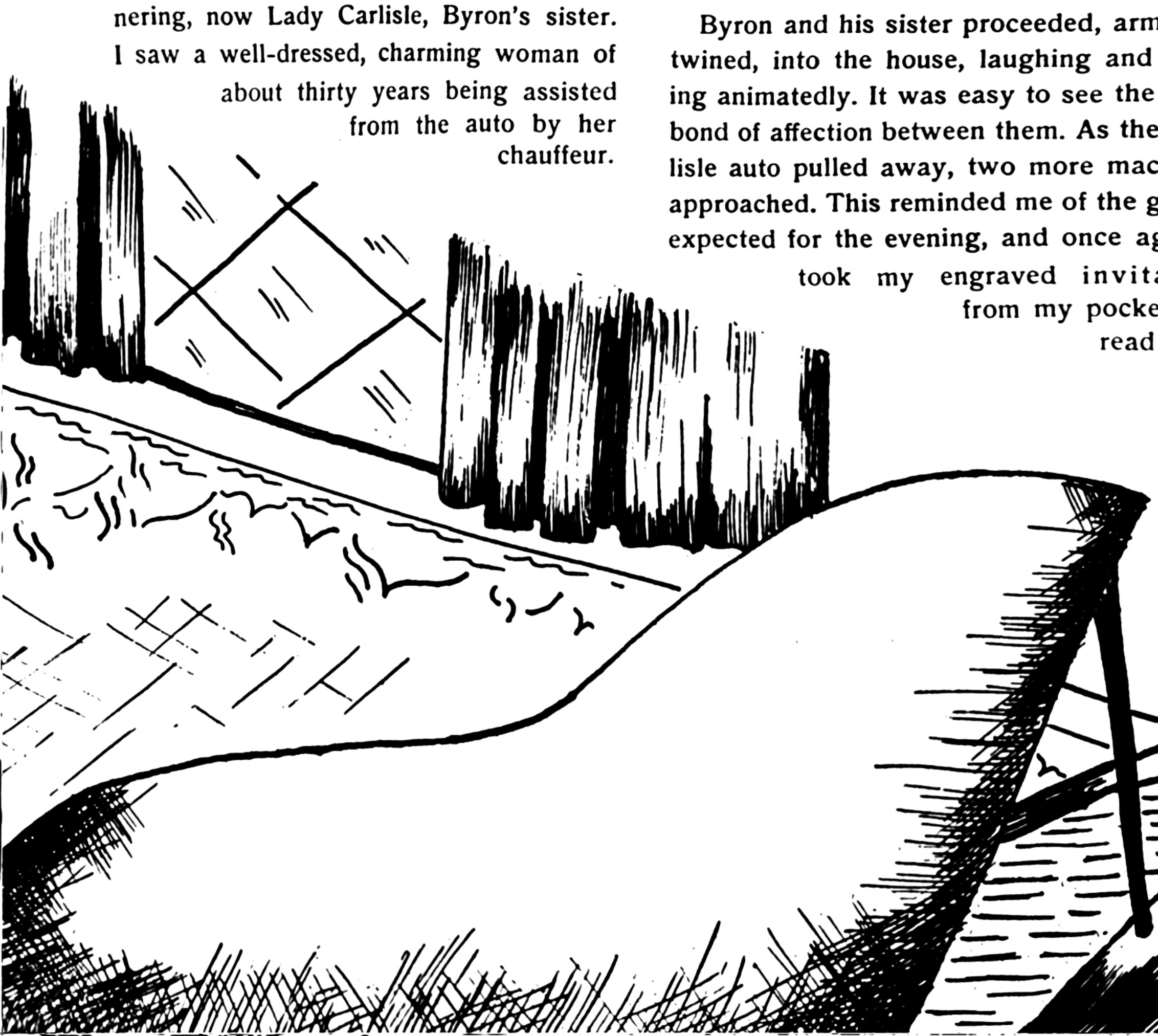
I REMEMBER hearing Byron practicing that day. I was wandering over the greenness of Mannering Hill's rolling lawns admiring the Gothic stateliness of Mannering Castle itself, when I heard the exquisite, triumphant strains of the Liszt *Rhapsody* he was preparing for his concert that evening drifting through the open French doors of the music room. Standing transfixed by the sheer beauty and power of the boy's indescribable genius, I almost missed the quiet purr of an automobile coming up the drive. But Byron, practicing, had evidently been waiting expectantly for it, for the music was cut short as it some great power had seized those gifted hands and wrenched them away from the keys. Turning to see what had caused this cessation of his playing, I saw the sleek, chauffeur-driven car that I knew must belong to Louisa Mannering, now Lady Carlisle, Byron's sister.

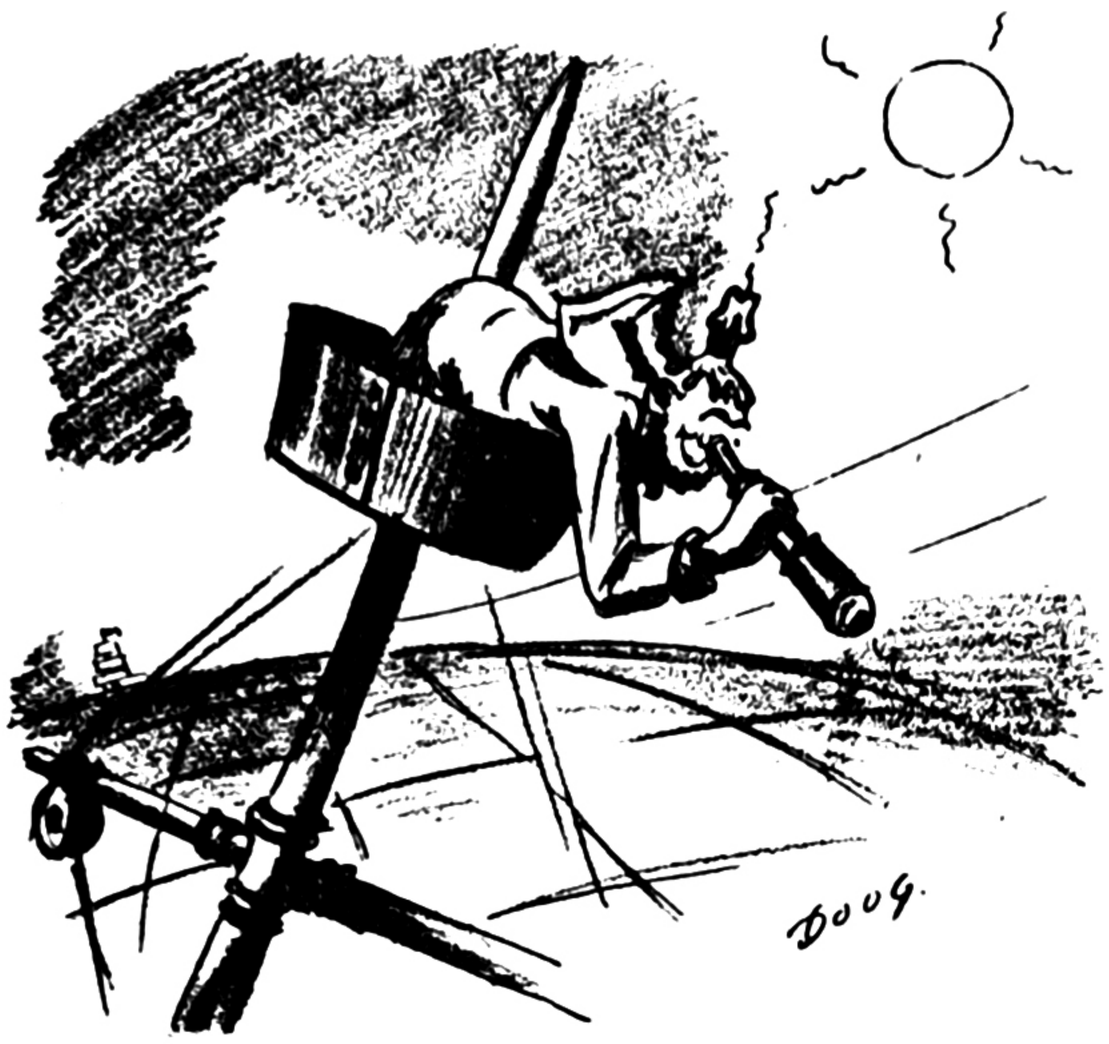
I saw a well-dressed, charming woman of about thirty years being assisted from the auto by her chauffeur.



She was enveloped—furs, feathers, and all—in the arms of the slight boy of eighteen who rushed out to meet her.

Though I should probably have been more interested in the new arrival, my eyes were fastened, as they were whenever he was in my sight, upon Byron Mannering. He had the slender litheness and inordinate grace of a panther, but aside from that, he was the personification of the English aristocracy of which he was a part. Wavy brown hair covered the top of his head, and upon his young, sensitive face, no matter what emotion it expressed, was above all courteous good-breeding. About him was nothing of muscular handsomeness, but rather the gentle, hard-to-distinguish good features of an artist. He wore a corduroy loafing-jacket and flannel trousers, with a soft silk shirt open at the neck.

Byron and his sister proceeded, arms entwined, into the house, laughing and talking animatedly. It was easy to see the deep bond of affection between them. As the Carlisle auto pulled away, two more machines approached. This reminded me of the guests expected for the evening, and once again I took my engraved invitation from my pocket and read it:



Manhattan Tower

By MARIAN ANDERSON '47

MANHATTAN TOWER is the story of a young man who falls in love with a city when he is down and out. After he has climbed the ladder of success he returns to New York to spend an interlude in one of Manhattan's loftiest towers.

The story is reproduced in an album consisting of two records titled *Magical City, The Party, Love in a Tower, and New York's My Home.* The excellent narration and music were composed by Gordon Jenkins. The sincere story-telling is done by Elliot Lewis, and the small but important job is capably filled by Beverly Mahr.

The main character's actions strongly parallel Gordon Jenkin's life. Each left a small home town in Missouri to hitch his wagon to a star firmly implanted in a metropolitan area. Neither reached the musical career he had embarked upon.

Composer Jenkins makes his livelihood as an occasional arranger, but returns to his home when success eludes him. The album's hero travels west to make his niche, and returns triumphantly to prove his suc-

(Continued on Page 85)

THROUGH The

When a Girl Marries

(A Soap Opera By Elaine Carrington)

By LOUISE MOEDE '47

FIRST PLACE REVIEW

One of the cheapest forms of commercial advertising to which the public is addicted, particularly the women, is the soap opera. Originally the soap opera was designed to sell soap by presenting a fifteen-minute melodrama. Now, however, sponsors are advertising everything from soup to toothpaste on these programs. Advertisers know that the serial story is habit forming. A housewife who listens once or twice invariably looks forward to the next broadcast.

When A Girl Marries is a typical example of a melodramatic serial. After several minutes of advertising, a friendly, deep masculine voice informs the housewife, "And now we present *When A Girl Marries,* the story of young married life dedicated to every one who has ever been in love." Harry Davis, the hero, is accused of murdering a former sweetheart's cousin and is temporarily residing in the county jail. Joan, the heroine, is on her way to the jail, carrying a basketful of food for Harry. On a lonely street she encounters a drunken woman who accuses her of being a murderer's sweetheart. Interspersed organ music adds to the sometimes weird but always dramatic moments.

This "washboard weeper" does not portray married life as it really is. How many average husbands are accused of murder in their lifetimes? As in all soap operas, the heroine, Joan in this case, appears to be a sweet young thing, and Harry, the hero, is always a handsome, outstanding citizen of

(Continued on Page 75)

SPYGLASS

Anna and the King of Siam

By RHEA ALPERT '47

SECOND PLACE REVIEW

Anna and the King of Siam, a film based on Margaret Landon's best seller, is an unusual true story exposing the inner life of the oriental court of Siam.

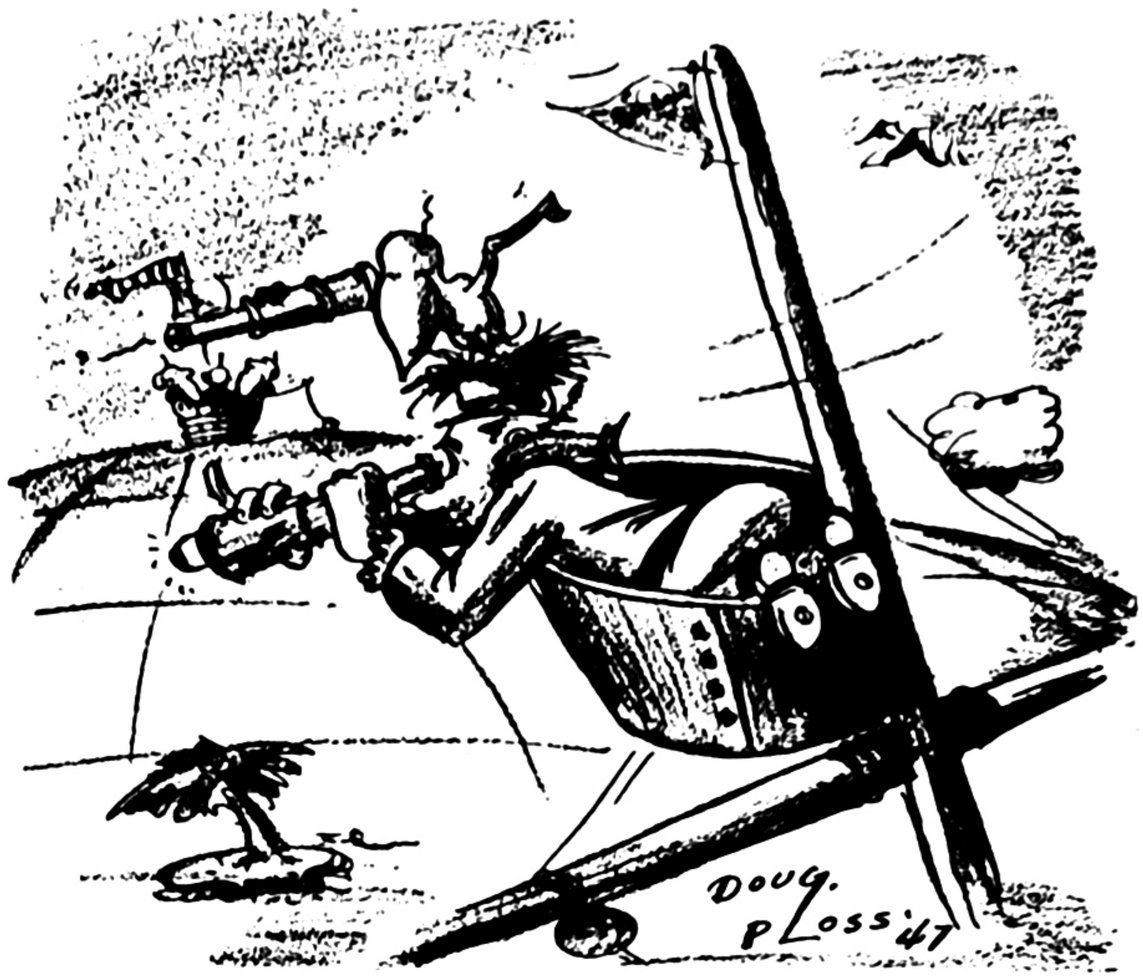
Rex Harrison, the leading character, displays superb acting ability in his portrayal of King Mongkut. His characterization of the confused, unsatisfied ruler makes you feel his hungry desire for knowledge of western lands.

The King's inner self is revealed to Anna Leonowens, a courageous English woman, played by Irene Dunne. In an attempt to support her young son after the death of her husband, she becomes a teacher of the King's many children and favorite wives. Her brightest pupil plays an important part in her life and later in the future of Siam.

Humorous events throughout the story ease the audience for the tragedies in and about the royal palace. The King's methods of punishment are shown in several horror scenes.

Sadness is also depicted and many a movie-goer is moved at the heart-warming scene between the beloved Anna and her pupils, as she prepares to depart from the palace. However, the necessity for her presence is soon realized, and she becomes a permanent assistant to the King as well as the students.

The picture provides a great deal of enjoyment for the audience, and has the distinction of being educational as well as entertaining. It was complete in every way and is unlikely to be forgotten by those who see it.



Drew Pearson

By VIRGINIA HOEFNER '47

Almost everyone who has ever read a newspaper is familiar with the *Washington Merry-Go-Round.* The author of this daily column, which appears in about six hundred newspapers is Drew Pearson.

There is nothing in Pearson's quiet background that indicated that he would become one of this country's most influential journalists. Pearson, who is now 48 years old, is the son of a Methodist minister, who led his family into the Quaker faith. Drew Pearson attended Swarthmore College, a Pennsylvania Quaker school. After this he became a lecturer and later a merchant seaman. Not until he made a trip abroad for the American Friends' Service Committee, did he realize that he wanted to become a world traveler, lecturer, and interviewer of famous people. He was unsuccessful, though, until he joined the Washington bureau of the *Baltimore Sun* as an expert on the state department.

Shortly afterwards Pearson started a partnership, which lasted for ten years, with Robert S. Allen. It was then that the *Washington Merry-Go-Round* was born. When the war started, Allen entered the service and Pearson was left to carry on alone.

(Continued on Page 96)

SOLITUDE

By MARIAN ANDERSON '47

I AWOKE at four-thirty—early enough to frighten the robins, who angrily chirped at my disturbance of their peace! But I held my head high, because this morning I was an early bird too, although my worm looked as distant as the last few stars above me.

I arrived at my park to find God and Man already at work. God had risen earlier: the flowers were opening, the morning mist had settled on the grass, the trees were started on their day's growing. Man had slept a little longer, but was working as if the handicap had only given him a better incentive.

The machine-made smoke was already shading my pink and blue sky—for who was here to say the sky was not mine? The sky and the earth and all the space from here to eternity. I was alone in my park and it all belonged to me. It was my inheritance from a good and wise Father who could think of no better gift at my birth than that which he loved so much, His Earth and His Heavens.

Other smokestacks were belching dust—evidence of Man's proud fight to triumph over Nature. The gulls down below were protesting at the outrage. Who would hear them? Only I. I would hear them and wonder why they had not fled to safer havens long ago. Perhaps like their solitary listener they could not tear themselves away from the city. What was this strange compulsion that forced them to linger among the steel and concrete? Why did they stay — and then, like me, return to sheltered retreats to look with contempt on their possessor?

They could not escape; the noise held them in a grip as strong as a vise. Their sentence was pronounced: they could get relief only for a little while before being compelled back into the life they were destined for. Like me, habit had conquered their primitive instincts and they were lost to habit. Would I be weak and helpless too; would the chains of old and familiar things stop me from attaining my goal?

Or would I be strong and master my possessor? I was no longer an early bird, for the sky was broken into the set formation of day. The firmament above me was free to all men now. The earth was no longer mine either. Human-made things were traveling over it, destroying the peace my selfish mind had manufactured. The river down below reflected the fused black and gray before which the slaves of the early morning shift would bow.

I wondered again as I gazed at the reflections if I would fall into the seagull's pattern. The grimy moles of the day shift were starting to work now.

Then I knew. The early bird had gotten its breakfast, for I felt strong and sure now. My life would not revolve around the same actions day after day. I wouldn't get stagnant and forget about learning new things. My fear had vanished and I returned from my dream-world firmly convinced I would never again be chained by habit.

Midnight Mist

By CAROLYN WORTHINGTON '47

ALONG the dark and lonely road I wandered. The moon was suspended low in the sky and a fine mist was over all. Up hill and down dale, following every little quirk in the road, I wandered. My only companion on my midnight stroll was Blackie, a little cocker spaniel puppy.

As I reached the crest of a hill I paused, and sat down on a large stone to reflect upon my situation and notice my surroundings.

In my mind I wasn't exactly sure just what I was doing in this lonely spot at such an unusual hour of the night. Where the little dog had come from I didn't know either. Somewhere on my lonely journey I had named her Blackie. I was growing fond of Blackie, watching her walk sedately by my side or cavorting gaily ahead of me.

Questions went buzzing through my mind. Where had I come from? How long had I been walking? What was I doing here? So now I sat and pondered on these things.

Blackie began dancing around my feet and drew my mind away from these unanswered thoughts.

Casting a glance around to see where I was, I was surprised to notice a large dwelling on the exact top of the hill and set far back from the road. Taking a casual interest in this building, I began to scrutinize it more closely.

The house was old, not run down, but antiquated, probably more than one hundred years old. It was a large rambling place, containing approximately twelve large rooms. It was framed by many trees, tall stately pines, low, spreading oak, and giant weeping willows. This framework kept the house from the eyes of many passing by, but from my vantage point the whole scene was very clearly outlined.

Far up in the back of the mansion, on the right hand side was a light. The rest of the dwelling was dark and as I watched this light the whole house took on a sinister aspect.

Suddenly the light blinked, a scream pierced the air and the house was plunged into inky blackness.

The darkness rode over all, the moon left her place in the sky, and the mist was now a thick, soupy fog.

I groped my way through the fog and coal-black night. Blackie was a frightened little pup stumbling along beside me. My mind was numb with fear and apprehension.

Soon the haze started to pass away and I found myself in a small white room. People were circled about me.

What had I done?

My memory returned like a flood of rushing waters. She was dead. I had killed her. How? Why? When? Where? Other people seemed to know the answers to these questions much better than I did. But I didn't really care, for she was dead and I had killed her.

Her ghost had been my companion on my lonely stroll; it was her scream that had pierced the midnight calm. She was no more and I could not bear it.

Now the night was calm and still, and the moon gained its original place in the universe. Now and forever after, my midnight strolls would be lonely, and the mists would gracefully film a world of midnight magic without her or me to enjoy it.

webbed yellow feet. Perhaps those ancient records were true, after all!

They spent the day exploring the region, the area of which they estimated at five hundred square kilometers. At dusk the ship neared what seemed to be the center of the section, a small coral atoll surrounded by jagged reefs.

The island itself was covered with a sickly, almost evil-looking yellow shrub. Close to the beach was a pink lichenous growth from which sprouted long green spikes topped with a cluster of blue blossoms. Overhead circled a pair of bat-like birds; on the beach several orange lizards scuttled among the debris.

As the small boat, manned by the naturalists, was being lowered, the big manta struck. Skimming along the side of the ship, it tipped one of its immense fins in the air and smashed the boat to kindling. The captain closed his eyes as the manta turned, its huge mouth gaping ,toward the three men in the water . . .

That evening, in the control room, the four men huddled about the desk of the captain. He spoke slowly, carefully avoiding mention of the naturalists. The creatures of this evil place had a form of intelligence radically different from what was expected of them. It almost seemed as if they could reason, but of course that would be impossible. The biologist raised an eyebrow questioningly.

The captain tried to convince himself that this was a life culture that could develop anywhere cut off from the rest of the world. The engineer spoke of hereditary disease, and of the chemical properties of the water, reminding them of the high concentration of iron salts in this section. The navigator suggested cosmic rays, but was at a loss to explain their source. The biologist was baffled and frankly admitted it, although he agreed with the navigator in that radiation of some sort or another caused the mutation from the normal creature to its terrifying counterpart. A wonderful solution, except that the nearest nuclear fission power plant was at Meka, fifteen thousand kilometers to the west.

(Continued on Page 67)

REPORT TO JORDAN

By DONALD R. PETERSEN '47

FIRST PLACE SHORT STORY

THE TALL graying man stood over the glass-enclosed teletype and read the message as it came in: **Change Course Directly to Original Destination. Expect Your Report In Three Days—Jordan.** He turned and almost bowled over his navigator, who had been reading over his shoulder. The navigator gave a hopeless little shrug and sat down at a chart table, drawing his instruments toward him.

The captain moved to the glass panel at the front of the room and looked out on the choppy sea, lit by a thin sliver of moon. Off to the starboard, Base Delta, with its blinking orange light, was disappearing beneath the horizon. He chuckled to himselt; Jordan seemed to have no better ways of spending the world's money, that is, the Federation's money, than sending a survey ship to investigate a half-forgotten myth.

It had all started back in the days of the Great Pilgrimage, when a scholar at the Center of Biological Sciences at Jordan found a series of reports in a seldom visited subterranean chamber. These reports dealt with a legendary sector of the Western Ocean, one of the few non-commercialized regions left on this planet. It had been claimed by certain adventurers and pleasure seeking vacationers that strange and sometimes grotesque forms of animal life dwelt in the southern portion of an island group found in this ocean. In due time the survey ship CBS 573 was dispatched from Sinpor to verify or disprove these reports, and to file its own record of the journey in the ever-expanding vaults at Jordan.

The captain did not approve of these wild goose chases, but refrained from voicing his opinions to the staff of the CBS 573. The dark, curly-haired navigator didn't seem to mind these wanderings and bent over his calculators, undisturbed by the affairs at Jordan. The biologist, pacing the deck with a pipe in his hand, was happy wherever the ship took him. The three naturalists, one gazing at the stars, the others slumped moodily over the rail, seemed not to notice their course. The engineer, fretting over the jets, which were entirely capable of caring for themselves, wouldn't have minded if their course took them to the moon.

The captain turned from the glass panel and glanced over the dials and gauge of the instrument panel. In six hours the ship would be in the circle of probability of the island group. Modern charts of this area were not to be had and navigation was largely a matter of following ocean currents. The captain pushed his fingers through his hair and mentally composed the outline of his report. . . . .

Dawn came like a blaze of lightning and the captain went on deck, into the morning sunshine. As his eyes swept the horizon, he noticed a pair of sea birds following the ship. Then an expression of unbelief crossed his face, for the two sea birds had become one, a monstrous albatross with four wings and a blood red tail! A hoarse cry behind him sent him spinning around; the biologist had also seen the bird. Together they watched it sail over the ship, then dip sharply to the surface of the water. As it arose, they saw, dangling from its claws, a small fish-like creature with wings and

The captain closed his eyes as the manta turned, its huge mouth gaping, toward the men in the water.

By LOIS ANN PANOSH '47

SECOND PLACE SKETCH

My Second Home

"That it may be a union of hearts and hands as well as of states." This is what is printed above the mural of Abraham Lincoln in the spacious auditorium of Lincoln high school.

Yes, it was this mural above the stage that I noticed the most the day the sophomores were welcomed to the school by Don Van Groll, senior. I think it is one of the most outstanding features of Lincoln.

I had been in the auditorium many times before but had never taken more than a passing glance at this mural. It was on that day I discovered the significance of it. Not only was it a tribute to the great man after whom the school was named, but it had another meaning to me. Now I would be going to school with fellows and girls from the south side. In junior high we had been rivals; now we were being brought together as friends. Yes, the north and south are just one here, as Lincoln had planned them to be.

From the auditorium we toured the school, getting a general idea of the room numbers, library, and gym. Then we were taken to our homerooms.

My homeroom was 213, and my teacher was Miss Strathearn. I thought the room was small, compared to those at Woodrow Wilson. However, this room had something the other one at junior high didn't have: from my desk I could look out the windows across the shining blue waters of Lake Michigan. Looking at the water could make me forget almost anything. What a way to scorn boring class rooms! Lady Luck, however, is seldom kind to those who are lazy, and I found that all my classes, except the most interesting one, were on the opposite side of the building that overlooked the street. Ahem!

Mixed classes were another thing I liked; seniors, juniors, and sophomores all jumbled together. It was a perfect way to make friends and such a thrill to be able to give a senior the answer to a difficult question.

My first few days at Lincoln high were so thrilling I could hardly wait until the alarm went off at six-thirty in the morning, so I could get up and go to school. Now that I've been at Lincoln two years, however, it is seldom that I don't turn over for another forty winks after I turn the alarm off in the morning, even though I still think it's a pretty wonderful place once I get here. Why—it's my second home!

Waves

By HELENE MEYER '48

Some dance in on fairy toes
Making light of mermaids' woes;
Others crash with thund'rous roar,
Breakers dashing to the shore,
Crushing all within their path,
Aware the fearful aftermath
Tempest raging seas can bring.

text book to day - dreams . . .

The Mail Order Catalogue

By LOUISE MOEDE '47

DAY-DREAMING is to me one of life's most enjoyable pastimes. It takes absolutely no effort or practice, and the only expenditure involved is time. Some people do their day-dreaming just after the alarm goes off in the morning. A great many high school students day-dream in the study halls, to the consternation of the teachers. Then too, there are those who float around oblivious to all about them. Either they are in love or are day-dreaming, or both.

My textbook to day-dreams is our mail order catalogue. I have read it through several times, but to my knowledge there is not a word on the subject of dreams, except perhaps in the mattress section. I seem capable of finding something on each page about which to dream, whether it be a motor boat engine or a sleek black frock. Mail order houses lose a great deal of money on me, for I become too engrossed in day-dreaming to remember just what has attracted my attention in the first place. Then too, I may see something on the next page I would rather buy.

Some evening you might drop in at my abode to discover me studying the children's toy section. No, I have not begun my second childhood. I do not particularly care to cuddle the all-wool-plush teddy bears. These toys help me to remember my happy childhood days. Perhaps I have turned to the page on tents and am imagining myself on an exciting hunting expedition.

Many people prefer window-shopping to catalogue-gazing. I, however, enjoy relaxing in a soft, comfortable chair and settling down to a nice catalogue while these people are ruining their feet.

An amateur catalogue-reader will thumb through the catalogue with the sole purpose of ordering something. But the true connoisseur carefully turns each page, noting and appreciating all he sees. For example, the farm machinery section can be made interesting to a day-dreamer, who does not bother about the length of the sickle on the combine. When he looks at this machine he thinks of fields of yellow wheat gently swaying in the wind.

Even the section on men's work clothes can be appreciated by the esthetic type of person. Such a person may be pondering on any subject from labor relations to a poem like *The Village Blacksmith.*

Practically every phase of life is covered by the mail order catalogue but death. By careful deduction I have discovered the reason why tombstones are not featured. Obviously the compilers of the catalogue realized that the reader, upon turning to this section would acquire a feeling of morbidity and would be put in such a downcast mood that he would neglect to order anything.

Now the mail-order companies are featuring prefabricated houses. By the grapevine I am given to believe that excess battleships will also be sold through the mail order system. And another source has it that B-29 bombers will soon be featured. This will present illimitable opportunities for catalogue day-dreamers such as myself.

To many people day-dreaming becomes an escape mechanism from the harsh realities of this world. But day-dreaming can become a form of absorbing relaxation. I do not advocate that one should spend all his time day-dreaming, however.

(Continued on Page 92)

Musings

By FREDERIC VOGELSANG '47

FIRST PLACE POETRY

The dusky veil of twilight falls
Upon the quiet, slumb'ring land.
The tide, with brushing movement, rolls
Across the waste of shifting sand.
The fingers of the moon caress
The desolation of the strand.
And I, in shrouded shadows, take
My lonely, watchful, wond'ring stand.

It's not to question, "Why the dusk?"
Nor to decry the ceaseless tide,
For darkness brings a solitude
Where lonely souls, like mine, can hide.
It's not to shout, "O, foolish moon!
Why in glory do you ride?
You could retain your radiance,
And in your splend'rous self abide."

Why should I find the moon a fool
To clothe herself in robes of gold?
Or say the magic, matchless night
And rolling tide no beauties hold.
In spite of desolate loneliness
Within a heart by hate turned cold,
I find the mystic consolation
Of watching night her veil unfold.

It's just the calm serenity,
And twilight's muffled, dying theme
That in my brooding soul awakens
Desire to stop at dusk and dream.
The moon, the dusk, the somber tide,
How restful—peaceful—still their scheme.
And, musing on their ceaselessness,
How unimportant mortals seem.

By ARDIS KRAINIK '47
SECOND PLACE INTERVIEW

BY, JOVE, I think I'm pretty spry for an old lady," declared Mrs. Harry Pehrson, housewife, mother, and leading vocal teacher of Manitowoc. A pleasant and robust woman, her looks and her age, which is forty-seven, belie her statement that she is an old lady.

Mrs. Pehrson was born in Evanston, Illinois, in 1899, and it was there she spent her first eighteen years. There were six children, and every Sunday evening the family popped corn and gathered around the piano to sing old German songs. "These were the happiest moments in my childhood," Mrs. Pehrson stated, "and it introduced me to the wealth of happiness there is in music.

"The high school I attended placed special stress on studies. There were no football games nor any extracurricular activities, only studies. Maybe I was born thirty years too soon," she laughingly added. At James Millikin University in Decatur, Illinois, Mrs. Pherson studied home economics, working for her tuition in the foods laboratory. The professors were, in her estimation, the finest possible, and it was there she took her first voice lessons.

After graduation she taught home economics for a year at Dorena Mines near Birmingham, Alabama. "I don't think my mother liked my teaching and living among Negroes, but I had some marvelous experiences." Mrs. Pehrson remembers "The Negroes were so clean and appreciative, but so afraid of the whites."

Soon she got a wonderful job as a food lecturer. It was while touring Wisconsin that she met Mr. Pehrson. "I wasn't too impressed by him at first, but," she added mischievously, "when he proposed to me on our fourth date, I began to take him seriously."

She took vocal lessons from W. B. Olds, Lebaron Austin, Miss Verna Lean, and Miss Ada Lombardi. She was soloist for the *Messiah* and *Elijah* in Appleton and gave several concerts in Wisconsin. "I really never thought about singing. I was solely interested in becoming a concert pianist or accompanist. Nothing but the best," she stated. "My sister sang so I figured that one vocalist in the family was enough." It wasn't until after she was married that she took it up seriously.

She enjoys teaching voice because it keeps her in touch with fine young people. Mrs. Pehrson instructs not only in the fundamentals of good singing but also in how to enjoy music and be an intelligent listener.

Besides teaching she is active in the Monday Music Club, directs the Presbyterian choir, and says, "I'm a very good scrub woman and a fair-to-middling cook. Proof of that is the fact that my husband and I both have to lose thirty pounds."

"Mr. Robert Britton
is invited
to attend the debut recital
of
Byron Mannering
at nine in the evening
April the nineteenth
Mannering Hall."

The GENIUS

By FREDERIC VOGELSANG '47

FIRST PLACE MYSTERY

And, diagonally, across the corner in Byron's slanted handwriting: "Come a week early, please, Bob. I'm anxious to see you. B. M." It was fun being a friend of Byron's. He was so refreshingly naive, so exuberantly friendly, that one couldn't help liking him. As for his music—it was sheer genius. After years of study with Josias Matthews, the master teacher, in London, came this select recital with only his friends and the critics from the publications invited. And Byron would overwhelm them, as we all knew.

The people who had arrived were strangers to me, and I knew I would be missed when the introductions were being made, so I pocketed the invitation and hastened to the doorway where the new arrivals were being effusively greeted by Lady Mannering herself. She took my hand and made the presentations in her charming, gracious way. The man and woman from the first auto were Byron's brother and sister-in-law, Hugh and Margaret, bored sophisticates from the whirl of London society, while the two elderly gentlemen were a critic and the famous Josias Matthews, Byron's teacher.

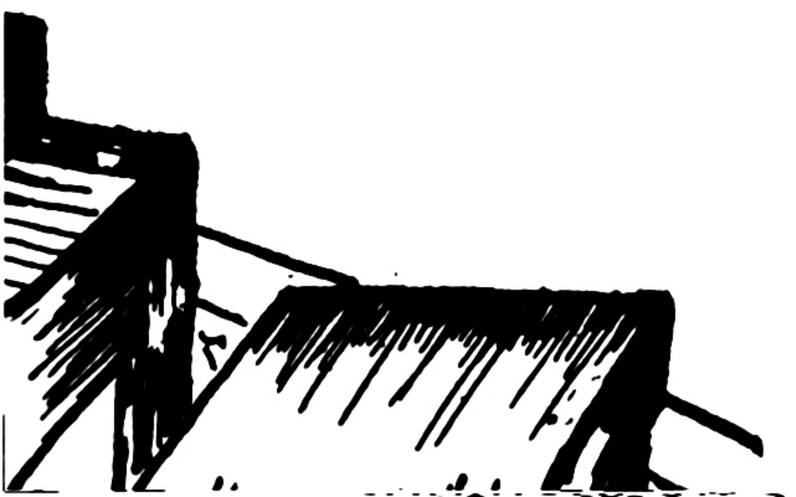
Hugh fascinated me because he was the absolute opposite of Byron. Where his brother was graceful and slender, he was hulking and heavy; where Byron was the sensitive artiste, Hugh was the casual athlete; where Byron was a smiling, good-natured fellow, Hugh was a sullen, conceited boy. I can call him a boy for all that he was five years older than Byron, because he acted the immature part of a cocksure braggart, which is, in itself, immaturity. His wife was pretty and superior and beautifully dressed. They passed on into the house for a surprisingly cool reception from Byron. But, on second thought, perhaps the greeting wasn't too surprising. What is more natural than that two such opposite types as Byron and Hugh should dislike each other? The younger had the intelligence to recognize in the other the normal masculinity that he lacked; Hugh's little-boy mind saw and envied Byron's genius and the attention it commanded for him. The two brothers were restless and uneasy in the short salutations that courtesy demanded of them.

I became interested, then, in a conversation among my hostess, the aging Josias Matthews, and a small shrivelled man named Cordoy, whom I knew to be Byron's first tutor in music, and who still lived at the Hall.

"We are so honored to have you here," Lady Mannering was saying to Matthews.

"Nonsense, my dear madam. It is an honor for me to be here. And naturally, nothing could have kept me from Byron's recital.

(Continued on Page 52)



Soft candlelight glowed on the polished rosewood of the grand piano. Grouped sociably about in comfortable chairs were the twenty-odd guests Byron had invited.

SPYGLASS

Anna and the King of Siam

By RHEA ALPERT '47

SECOND PLACE REVIEW

Anna and the King of Siam, a film based on Margaret Landon's best seller, is an unusual true story exposing the inner life of the oriental court of Siam.

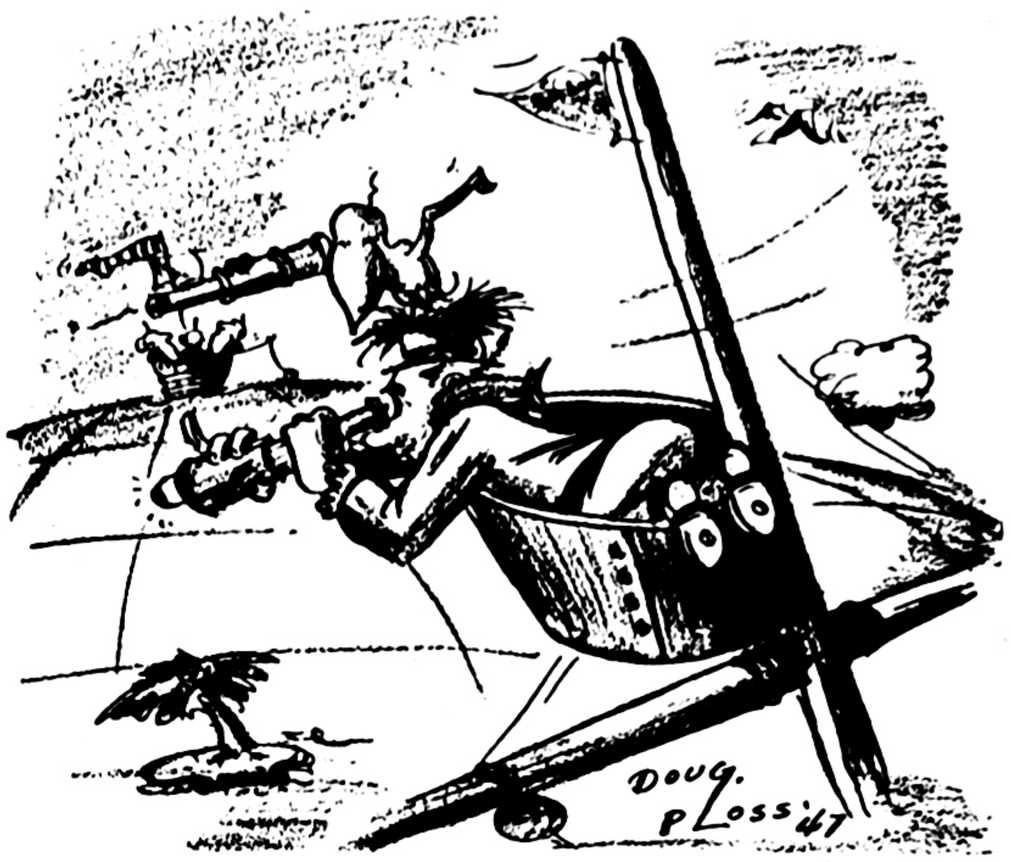
Rex Harrison, the leading character, displays superb acting ability in his portrayal of King Mongkut. His characterization of the confused, unsatisfied ruler makes you feel his hungry desire for knowledge of western lands.

The King's inner self is revealed to Anna Leonowens, a courageous English woman, played by Irene Dunne. In an attempt to support her young son after the death of her husband, she becomes a teacher of the King's many children and favorite wives. Her brightest pupil plays an important part in her life and later in the future of Siam.

Humorous events throughout the story ease the audience for the tragedies in and about the royal palace. The King's methods of punishment are shown in several horror scenes.

Sadness is also depicted and many a movie-goer is moved at the heart-warming scene between the beloved Anna and her pupils, as she prepares to depart from the palace. However, the necessity for her presence is soon realized, and she becomes a permanent assistant to the King as well as the students.

The picture provides a great deal of enjoyment for the audience, and has the distinction of being educational as well as entertaining. It was complete in every way and is unlikely to be forgotten by those who see it.



Drew Pearson

By VIRGINIA HOEFNER '47

Almost everyone who has ever read a newspaper is familiar with the *Washington Merry-Go-Round*. The author of this daily column, which appears in about six hundred newspapers is Drew Pearson.

There is nothing in Pearson's quiet background that indicated that he would become one of this country's most influential journalists. Pearson, who is now 48 years old, is the son of a Methodist minister, who led his family into the Quaker faith. Drew Pearson attended Swarthmore College, a Pennsylvania Quaker school. After this he became a lecturer and later a merchant seaman. Not until he made a trip abroad for the American Friends' Service Committee, did he realize that he wanted to become a world traveler, lecturer, and interviewer of famous people. He was unsuccessful, though, until he joined the Washington bureau of the *Baltimore Sun* as an expert on the state department.

Shortly afterwards Pearson started a partnership, which lasted for ten years, with Robert S. Allen. It was then that the *Washington Merry-Go-Round* was born. When the war started, Allen entered the service and Pearson was left to carry on alone.

(Continued on Page 96)

Always a Pal . . .

MA DUSOLD

. . . reveals the secrets of the little store on south eighth street.

By JEANNINE BRUECHERT '47

I HAVE walked by the store so many times thinking about Mrs. Dusold and the terrific job she has on her hands, that I often wondered how she could keep so many fellows under control. Suddenly it dawned on me that she was the person to interview, but it wasn't until a day of vacation that I could get through the door and have a chance to talk with her. Much to my surprise she wasn't busy and was soon able to enlighten me on the wonders of the little store on South Eighth Street.

This so-called Wolves' Den started nine years ago and has been going strong ever since. Shortly after the fellows began to congregate on her door step, she acquired the nickname "Ma" from the high school kids, and it has been thus ever since. The little kids from the neighborhood call her Lil. Besides these she has no other nick-names. Ma gets a thrill out of listening to new kids come in, because she claims that they are not quite sure whether they should call her by her nick-name. But finally it becomes a habit for every one, and "Ma" can be heard all over the little store.

It wasn't until four years ago that she began making sandwiches for the fellows. It started when a young high school boy forgot his lunch and begged her to make him a sandwich. Through her good-heartedness she did, and since that day it has been minced meat sandwiches with cheese as a variety on Fridays. She said they were using as much as ten pounds of meat a day, and finally just the sight of minced meat made her ill. Her own words were, "Can't see how they can stand the same meal day after day." This year she began making hot dogs and hot tamales, but, when she raised the price from two for fifteen cents to ten cents apiece, the fellows insisted that she was getting too rich. They were continually kidding her about the high prices, but not once refused to pay.

What probably surprised her most were the fellows who began to come for breakfast. There were many fellows that kept her

company from eight in the morning until s at night, for they had all three meals at the favorite little store. Ma began ordering fi teen dozen doughnuts a day (commonl called rosebuds), and every one of them wa sold.

When asked whether the fellows dic much damage, she answered my question by saying that no insurance company would carry a policy on the windows because they were broken so often. So now all broken windows are paid for by the guilty party. She laughingly explained that at one time they had three glass show cases, and now they have a half of one. It's not that the kids

are so rough, but, when eighty fellows are crowded into a little store anxiously waiting for something to eat, there is bound to be something broken.

Every year she has two or three fellows helping her during the noon hour. This year Greg Boissonnault, Carl Butler, and Vincent Koutnik are her loyal helpers, and without them I'm sure she'd be lost. Ma said that every year she has a lot of swell fellows, but the gang this year is the best.

Because fellows have always been willing to do anything for her except scrub, this is one of the many jobs left for her after the doors have been locked. She insists on discipline and believes in severe scoldings for any one that swears. Her little secret is that she has two bars of Fels-Naphtha soap hidden that's going to be used on any one using profanity in her presence.

Before I left she explained that she hears a lot about the girls of Lincoln without knowing them for her loyal patrons reveal to her all of their secret love affairs. She gets in on all the notes the fellows receive and enjoys reading them immensely. Girls! Beware! She hears all and knows all.

Perhaps her greatest thrill is to have all her graduates come back to see her after they have left school. It doesn't matter whether they have been away to school or in service, they always come back to see "Ma." Even though she is dead-tired at the end of the day, she has a soft spot in her heart for every one of these fellows, not only because they are decent fellows, but because they keep her feeling young.

Yes, this little store on South Eighth Street is a very busy place ten months out of the year, and the business is kept booming under the leadership of that well-known "Ma Dusold."

Trials and Tribulations of

A STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

By THOMAS REES '47

If I weren't staff photographer for the Hi-Tower publications, life would be so much simpler. "Ah, ha!" you say to yourself, "he thinks he leads a tough life taking pictures. What a soft job!"

Well, I will explain some of the problems that are continually trying to drive me nuts. For instance, take the football games. (I don't want 'em.)

I get the camera set up before the game starts and then sit around freezing to death. When the game starts, I start too. I chase the players along the edge of the field from one goal post to the other. Would they cooperate in getting their pictures taken? No! They run around the wrong end and go galloping across the field *away* from me. The boys that have the markers had the *biggest* and *broadest* backs that I have ever seen always in the range of the view finder.

At the basketball games there is another hazard. I live in constant fear that sometime the ball will ricochette off some player's head and smash into the camera. I pity the poor camera, and my face which is behind it.

As you can see, it's a tough life, but if my luck holds, I'll live through it and at the ripe age of eighteen I'll be able to look back at the *Flambeau* and see my pictures in print.

DELORES BORISS '47

Introduces

Mr. Hugo Rose

FIRST PLACE INTERVIEW

When I asked Mr. Rose if I could interview him, he said that he'd be glad to give me some of his time, although he didn't think he was interesting enough. He's an intelligent man with a very good sense of humor.

He sat down and asked what I wanted to know about him. I asked him to tell me something about his life. He then smiled and said, "About my life? I'm afraid it's very boring."

Mr. Rose was born on the Dutch border in Germany. The children there go to public school for six years. He went to public school in Dornum and finished in three years. When he was nine years old, he was sent to a gymnasium, or high school, which was a boarding school, in Hanover. He entered the University of Cologne at sixteen years of age. Shortly afterward, war broke out and he enlisted in the German Navy. He served as a commissioned officer on different battleships for awhile, and was then transferred to a submarine and was made a first lieutenant. During the time he was in service he continued his studies at Kiel, a war harbor. He was in the navy until the German revolution, on November 9, 1918. Then he went back to Cologne and later finished at the university in Leipzig. He studied philosophy and dramatics. During his years of studying he traveled extensively. He was sent to other countries for three or four months of the year and wrote articles about the different countries and his experiences for publication in magazines. Traveling thus, he saw all of Europe, North Africa, and Palestine.

After graduating from the university he taught German dramatics, language, and history for two years. He then married a girl from Frankfurt, Germany, whom he had met in the university.

Mr. Rose gave up teaching and studied insurance. For sixteen years he worked as director of the Alliance Concern, one of the largest insurance companies in Europe.

In November of 1938 Hitler's regime forced him to give up his job and home, and after being arrested he decided "to leave Germany and seek liberty and freedom in America."

He started out for America on December 1, 1938. He had left his family in Germany, and, knowing the conditions there, was very

"America has become the hope of all freedom-loving people. Democracy is the way leading to good will, understanding, and happiness for all—the great destiny of all mankind."

anxious to get them here before the European War started. He was very much impressed when he reached New York and saw the New World.

I asked Mr. Rose what his first thoughts were when he reached the United States, to which he replied, "My only thoughts were to bring my family over in time."

He stayed in New York for six weeks and then "went westward like the pioneers." From New York he came to Manitowoc and, through friends, got a job. These friends furnished him with papers to enable his family to come across. To this he added, "The people were all very nice and helpful." His family arrived here on Labor Day, 1939.

Mr. Rose worked in Two Rivers for over a year until he learned English. He learned the language by listening to the radio for three or four hours every evening.

After he felt that he knew the English language well enough, he went into business in Manitowoc in his former line of work.

Mr. Rose has two children—Ellen, who is a junior at Lincoln high school; and Heinz, who is taking a pre-med course at the University of Wisconsin and who is an instructor in German there. With a very serious look on his face, Mr. Rose told me, "My children saw all the horrors in Germany and they certainly appreciate the blessings in this country."

Mr. Rose has this to say about America, "America has become the hope of all freedom-loving people. Democracy is the only way leading to good will, understanding, and happiness for all—the great destiny of all mankind!"

Convictions

By AUDREY MAXFELDT '47

How quick our tongue and heart condemn
The wrongs we find in other men.
We whisper and we flash an eye,
Tormenting every passer-by.
With judgment bitter, indiscreet,
We scorn the other folks we meet.

Neglecting this, our human debt,
So often do we fools forget
That faults we find in others may
Be found in us; and us betray.

Color

By LOIS CULVER '47

Yellow is a brilliant wealth;

Gold is in its care.

Crimson wine is to your health,

But gray is underwear.

Him

By WALTER SONNENBURG '47

I WATCHED him as he went into the drug store to make some purchases.

He was a thin, stoop-shouldered man not much over five feet tall, dressed in fisherman's clothing, and wearing a battered old cap. His age was probably forty, but the odd, deep creases in the sides of his neck made him seem much older.

His face was dull and expressionless, with deep-set watery blue eyes that seemed to wink incessantly.

As he fumbled with some display items, I could see his hands were huge and heavily veined and had a very unusual greyish-blue tinge.

His large feet were probably the cause of his peculiar, shambling gait. After he had made his purchase, he left and passed very close to me. He evidently lounged or worked around the fish wharfs, for he carried with him much of the characteristic smell.

He passed on and I hoped I would never meet another man like him.

The weird laughter of a madman made Eileen's hour of devotion a nightmare.

SILENT NIGHT,

THE SLOW deep resonance of the church steeple clock striking twelve startled Eileen out of her slumber in the church pew. She opened her sleep-drugged eyes stained with late tears. Why, she had fallen asleep and had remained in the church two hours.

She had been restless that evening at home with memories of her dead friend who had been buried that afternoon. Defying the autumn wind she had gone for a walk, to think and forget. On passing the church she had stopped to seek comfort from her grief.

This was the church where a few hours ago the coffin and the body had lain. The sickening odor of the funeral flowers still remained. The blackness filling the empty pews reminded her of the services when they had contained mourning-clothed people.

Now it was empty—empty as only a church can be, a holy haunting emptiness. The sanctuary light emitted a faint red glow; the sputtering vigil lights cast wavering shadows. Outside, the cold wind was howling through the naked trees; the moonlight glided over the cemetery and seeped through the stained glass windows. Everything else was clothed in gray blackness.

When she had first come, it had all seemed so peaceful, so quiet. Now she began to shiver as a chill of emotions wrapped her, and she listened for every creak that echoed through the gothic arches.

The feeling of grief had vanished and fear took its place. There she sat thinking and shivering, feeling alone with lifelike statutes everywhere. As she tried to make out what they were in the darkness, they seemed to move their positions.

Her meditations were interrupted. Had she heard the door open and close? It was a creaking door, she remembered. She strained her ears for another sound. Silence dominated.

It was foolish. No one had come in. Why should some one come into a church at this time of the night?

Before returning her eyes to the dimly-lit front, she stopped, resting them on a black figure in the back doorway. Was it a statue? She hadn't remembered a statue there before. Her eyes groped in the darkness. Was it a piece of intangible blackness, or was it a figure?

Answering her fears, the thing began moving. Slowly it moved up the padded aisle. She could hear the shuffling feet coming rhythmically louder and louder.

Now she could make out the blackness vaguely. It was something! But what?

Wildly she imagined it to be the spirit of her dead friend coming back. Adding to her conception was the atmosphere of the white stone slabs in the nearby graveyard and the appropriate striking of twelve.

Be sensible about it. Think logically. A spirit wouldn't shuffle its feet or have to open a door. This was something human! Why should anyone come to a church at

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her out in the darkness? She couldn't retreat under the pew now. His eyes would discern the movement. She maintained her motionless position till he was a remote blur.

The black figure continued to the front of the church, his back now toward her. Now she must escape. His eyes would soon become accustomed to the darkness, and he would be able to detect her in the darkness.

Quickly she began to plan her escape. It was impossible to get outside now. The massive door to the hall made too much noise when it opened, and it would reveal her presence. Where could she go? She had to get away from him. Where wouldn't he be able to see her? Upstairs in the choir loft! She could go there and wait till he had accomplished his task and left; then she could leave too.

Nervously she slipped off her shoes and crept along the side aisle to the back of the church. With cautious awareness she looked around but couldn't see the figure anywhere.

Frightened, she reached the stairs. They were old and worn. Sincerely she prayed that they wouldn't creak now. Ironically she remembered the times she had pranced down them noisily to gain attention.

She mustn't make a sound. On her hands and knees she began carefully to feel her way upward. Each minute sound magnified itself. The stairs seemed endless. Would she never reach the top?

Finally, she was there, upstairs, safe at last. She strained her vision to make out clearly every object, so she wouldn't bump into anything.

There she stood as a victor, able to survey the whole front of the dimly lit church. Quickly her eyes picked out the darting figure below. It was moving quickly from one thing to another as though it were dancing. The figure wasn't slow and cautious as a criminal. It seemed to move in leaps—a thick black clump darting through lesser darkness. Then again it was gone, enveloped in the gloom. Vainly she searched the emptiness for movement. The figure was nowhere.

Maybe the thief had his loot and had left. Eileen felt a trace of relief with this thought. Maybe she had just imagined it all. She had been so broken up over the death, she knew she wasn't quite herself.

The dead silence was cut by a piercing, lunatic laugh, a laugh that echoed and reechoed with strains of unearthiness. Then it stopped. All was silent. She waited each moment, expecting to hear again that mad, hysterical laugh. Still it was silent. Still she could see no figure. Why didn't it move, why didn't it cry again? Everywhere blackness surrounded her.

In the empty wait she had to think. Maybe she had imagined the cry, and he had really left.

Stillness; and then she could hear heavy breathing. Some one was coming up the steps. He was coming. Each step sounded slowly as he ascended the stairs heavily. He stepped with a Frankenstein mechanicalness, breathing hard, like a drunkard, in short heavy gasps, as though his limp body were dragging.

The rash idea of leaping over the small railing tempted her. There was no other alternative. It would be better than to wait, wait for the approaching thing.

No, think again . . . She could go still higher. There was a small belfry in the church. She remembered the position of the door. Her only hope was that the thing wouldn't follow her up there; from there she could go no higher.

Hurriedly she felt out the cold brass knob. Cautiously she turned it. The rising footsteps covered the squeaking turn. Swiftly she pulled it open and shut it after her, but it hadn't clicked. She couldn't shut it now; it would make too much noise. And the figure had already reached the landing.

Filled with dread, she stood on the second step of the winding staircase. She

(Continued on Page 38)

Although it was so many years ago, one recollection of my childhood stands out as vividly in my mind as it did that far away summer.

Unholy Hill

By MARIANNE WUNROW '47

I WAS ten years old at the time, one of the members of a rather impoverished minister's large family. We were living in a huge, shabby parsonage on the outskirts of a small country village. Part of the house was higher than the rest, and the woodshed was attached to the main building. Besides this, the house was infested with rats. Still, as country parsonages go, it was quite a nice place.

It was a hot, dusty day in midsummer that I first saw old Mrs. Plow. We were playing in the cluttered front yard when I noticed an old figure hobbling up the road. As she approached, I could tell that she was bent over, little, and bony, and used a cane. A scarf was tied almost over her bright, beady eyes, and she looked like a little old witch. Despite her terrifying appearance I felt no fear, but her effect on my companions was immediate. Every one picked up his heels and promptly vanished from sight. It was not until she was a good distance down the road that my friends slowly and fearfully reappeared. When I begged for explanations I got this story.

It seems that old Mrs. Plow not only looked like a witch, but actually was one. Every Old Year's Eve she would hobble to the cut in a nearby hill, and as the hour of midnight approached a procession would file past. All those in the community who were to be married in the next year appeared in white, but those who were to die were shrouded in black. Year after year she made her predictions, and year after year they always came true!

After this explanation I, too, stayed away from old lady Plow. At her approach I ran. I wanted nothing to do with a person in league with the devil. And I avoided the cut in the hill as a haunt of the evil one too. At night a heavy mist always covered the hill, and fool-hardy indeed was the person who ventured there.

Well, that was a long, long time ago, and old Mrs. Plow has long since passed to her final rest. Perhaps we did her an injustice. But I sometimes wonder if on that last Old Year's Eve she saw herself among those black robed figures filing by.

KEEP IN MIND

By CLAUDIA FRICKE '48

Should you get to heaven,
Most likely you will view
Many folks whose being there
Will be a blow to you.

So think before condemning,
Don't be bold and glare.
No doubt many people
Are surprised to see you there.

Our Youth Center

By ELWOOD HORSTMAN '47

FIRST PLACE EDITORIAL

Through the unending effort of the student councils of the city's high schools, the city council has finally given us a youth center. We will have a beautiful place when it is finished. To be sure, the opening has been postponed several times by the shortage of materials, but according to the last report it will be open by Christmas.

It has been said that it will be one of the finest centers in Wisconsin. The interior has been newly finished and the furniture will be new. Let everybody help keep the center in the condition in which we will find it on opening night. Each person can help by not writing initials on the walls, carving initials on tables and woodwork, and otherwise damaging the property. We cannot expect to hold the privilege of using the center if we, acting like juveniles, cut the leatherette stool tops and bar trimmings.

We can be truly proud of our center, but the students as a whole will have to cooperate in keeping it one of the most modern in the state. This can only be accomplished by the whole-hearted cooperation of each and every student who walks through the door of Manitowoc's youth center. The city and Mr. Pleuss, who owns the building, have a large investment in the youth center, and we, as students, should show our appreciation by proving those people wrong who said that inside of six months it would be ruined. Come on, students, let's show those skeptics that we can keep the center in excellent condition.

I'VE BEEN THINK

School Spirit

By JOANNE MALEK '48

Say, kids, how would you like to be little politicians—hmm? Sounds exciting, doesn't it? What do you think politicians are? They are merely citizens supporting and upholding their principles. We students have our principles to uphold, too. We're the ones who have to back up our school and keep our good name.

Imagine one of our high school games as an election and each team as a candidate and each cheer as a vote. Doesn't the candidate with the most votes win? Well, get wise, kids. Naturally, the team with the most cheers will bring its team to the top, too. Our players need support. They need assurance. Don't let them down! Show them how much their winning means to you: get in there and root!

You that aren't in there and pitching symbolize the stupid citizen who does not vote at the polls on election day. Obviously, he doesn't realize the importance of his vote, but we know our victory depends on our presence. So let's be there keeping our colors flying and our team winning.

Seeing we're taking the privilege of calling ourselves little politicians, let's not abuse it but rather act wisely and keep our title. I can think of nothing as vulgar as a student "booing" the opposing team. We're at these games to let the players know we're behind them, not to show the opposing team we're against them. So let's make the gym and the football fields overflow with good will and school spirit by casting our cheers wisely.

Come on, little politicians, let's "get hep"!

ING ABOUT...

Where are Our Manners?

By KATHLEEN BUSSE '48

An elderly lady stumbled onto the bus. Her gray hair, bent body, and wrinkled face showed many years of toil and worry. Her faltering step made her appear even more dejected and weary.

She dropped her nickel into the coin box and slowly turned around to find a seat. Every seat in the bus was occupied. Hopefully, she glanced around, but no one offered her a seat. As the bus started she clutched the hand rail fearfully.

What was the matter with the younger generation on that bus? Every one of them had seen this old lady stumble onto the bus. Had they been too busy talking among themselves to bother to get up? Or were they just lazy?

No, I don't think that that was what was wrong. What's the matter, kids? Are we forgetting our manners? It isn't sissified to be mannerly. Instead, manners add charm and attractiveness to your personality.

The gang won't tease you about being a brownie if you show respect to your elders. Secretly, they'll envy you because you did the proper thing. Sure, if you put on a superfluous act, they will think you're trying to be outstanding, but just plain decent manners command the respect of everyone.

So c'mon, fellow bobby-soxers, we won't spoil our fun by being nice and mannerly. Let's show our elders that we aren't a bunch of no-good hoodlums.

One Chance for Peace

By JO ANN CERNY '47

SECOND PLACE EDITORIAL

Two great wars have been fought within the last forty years, both for the purpose of ending all wars. Albert Einstein, in a signed statement, declared that if there should be another war, it would mean the end of all civilization. Any nation would be able to produce the atom bomb and most assuredly would use it, unless a world atomic power commission were set up, and every country surrendered her knowledge of atomic power to the commission. Nations are not willing to do this, for they do not trust one another completely.

A serious threat, the end of civilization, and what are you going to do about it? Are you getting all the education you can? This job of keeping the peace—it needs a lot of preparation. Maybe that sounds "corny" to you. But take a look at the veterans. You'd hardly call them drips, after fighting for five years, yet they are storming the colleges and even going back to high school. Surely they must know the necessity of a firm peace.

Narrow-mindedness and petty quarrels with individuals, groups, and nations cause more hate than anything else. Where there is hate, war can flare up like a forest fire. The enemy of hate is understanding. Through education and conscious effort to appreciate, ill feeling is abolished.

What happens to this world in forty or fifty years depends on you and your children. It's up to you, starting now, to determine whether there will be a civilized world or just a mass of earth, atmosphere, and radioactive waves.

Mother

By JEAN PERRODIN '48

SECOND PLACE ESSAY

A WOMAN wearing a flowered print dress came into the room. She looked about and immediately began her lecture.

"You could do so much if you only wanted to do so. But all you do is sit and read. Didn't you peel potatoes yet? Why, I distinctly remember telling you to start peeling them at a quarter to four and here it is ten after already."

She completely disregarded the immaculate living room. Her eyes went suddenly blind rather than let her see that a junk room had been made presentable. But then —that's mother.

That night after dishes were done, we, my sister and I, asked if we could go to the show. Again she surprised us. She not only said yes, but she also gave us a little pin money on the side—for helping her so much.

Every time we meet somebody outside of the family she usually exclaims, "My goodness! What big girls! They must help you a lot."

"Oh," Mom always replies, "I don't know what I'd do without them. They do so much for me."

That, of course, leads back to the first paragraph. Quote, "You never do anything, etc." Unquote. But then too, I believe she doesn't realize she is continually contradicting herself.

Each time we compliment her on something or other she always exclaims, "My goodness, I think I'm going to faint. This is the first time I heard you say something nice about my cooking," dress, or whatever it is. Take into consideration, she says the same thing almost every time. But that too is Mother.

When Christmas comes along she always says we shouldn't get much for her because she isn't getting much for us. Then on Christmas day we are usually overwhelmed by the wonderful things we get.

She is always complaining about my reading too much. Then for Christmas she usually gets me a good book or two or even more. She complains about my spending so much money for foolishness, like buying movie books, comic books, and all. But, I've often seen her settle down with some of my movie books (and Dad with my comic books) and have a good time reading them while I'm struggling with my homework.

She doesn't care to go up north to my grandparents' during hunting season because she is afraid something is going to happen. But she is always glad to eat venison when meat prices are sky-high.

We went to Milwaukee one Saturday. We were jostled by the crowds, startled by the swiftness of the elevators, worried about losing my little brother, wet by the rain, and chilled to the bone by the cold air as we waited several minutes for a parade, cramped by the long ride, and generally cross because of it. Mother, after we were home again, said, "That's what I call a good time."

That's my Mother.

Every week the whole house gets a thorough cleaning. Mom is always afraid some-

body will come and find the house dirty. And everything she does is done as near to perfect as possible. Each year she orders a load of paint about the time of Dad's vacation, and she keeps us busy forever doing a lot of, I think, unnecessary things, but all that is what makes us proud of her. And prouder we couldn't be.

When a holiday or birthday comes around, our basement receives a thorough cleansing and gets decorated for, without fail, we always get company and lots of it on that night. At Christmas time the tree comes and is decorated in the middle of the night and Mom and Dad go to midnight mass. On Christmas morning we awaken to find notes all over the house. "Don't eat anything 'till you come home." "Keep quiet so you don't wake your brother or us up." "Don't drink anything," etc. When we come home, we wake up our little brother and Mom watches us scramble for our presents with a little grin on her face. When we're happy, so is she and when she is, so are we. Because, after all, that's Our Mom.

IT NEVER FAILS

By CAROLYN KUBITZ '47

The night is so short! It always seems as if I have just gone to bed and then br-r-r-r, the alarm clock rings, and it's time to get up. I'm still in the midst of a wonderful dream and barely conscious. Surely ten more minutes of this heavenly bliss will give me time to get ready for school if I hurry!

I turn over and my dream starts drifting back. Suddenly a voice shatters my peaceful haven, "Aren't you up yet?"

I dash for the bathroom, the only warm place to dress in the house. Naturally it's filled with the family and no room for me. I tear back to my room, and then comes the biggest problem: what to wear? My room becomes one sweet mess while I yank open drawers searching for things and trying to dress at the same time. Finally I dash down the stair, grab my piece of toast, and run to the bus corner. Tomorrow I'll get up on time!

the Mystery of the Mirror

By DORIS BERNS '47

Every time I see a mirror,

It makes me wonder why

I cannot reach the other side

No matter how I try.

It seems like such a different world

Where everything is strange.

Left is right and right is left;

In most things there's a change.

I spend a lot of time each day

Alert for a mistake.

The person there behind the glass

May prove he is a fake.

I make a motion very fast

And then I stop—but no,

My speed is not enough for him;

I guess I am too slow.

But if you know the answer,

Please give a helping hand;

The mystery of the mirror is

So hard to understand.

She knocked rather surreptitiously at the weather-beaten door.

THERE was something vaguely mysterious about the night. The awareness of being alone that fog imparts by imprisoning one in a shrouded mist, the eerie blackness of a cold, starless sky, and the endless monotony of the waves washing along the beach seemed tragic, ethereal suggestions of the end of an age, or perhaps one beginning.

For Doris it was like the end of the world. How long she had wandered along the fog-enveloped coastline she could not recall, for time was lost in the dazed rememberings of her thoughts.

The high, sharp heels of her shoes made deep indentations in the moist sand and more than once threatened her balance, so she had removed them and was carrying them in her hand, rejoicing in the cool touch of that sand on her bare feet. The softest whisper of a wind played subtle games in her flowing honey-colored hair and moved in easy ripples the smoke chiffon of her long dress.

When she had first found peace in this misty solitude, Doris' mind had been an arena where wild speeding thoughts had chased one another in relentless, dizzy madness. Perhaps it was the clear silence of the night air or the communion with majestic nature that had resolved those things which had seemed so tremendous and crushing before into trifling, inconsequential events.

The brilliant lighting of the hall faded as did the sea of expectant faces she had seen across the footlights. Even the tones of her own voice as they soared in song left her memory; then, a sudden stab of pain as, sharply and clearly, the remembrance of that horrible moment of thunderous silence seared across her brain. After that, there was only the confusion of her hasty exit, the exciting babble of voices that met her in the wings, the distant noise of the wondering audience, the momentary glare of flash-bulbs, as she tried vainly to hide the misery and horror-stricken knowledge on her face. There were the endless, confused moments when she had torn herself away from her mother, her teacher, her accompanist, and the reporters, and dashed into the dreary silence of the night. Her only thought had been, "Escape! Get away from them!" Her car had been waiting at the stage door, and she maneuvered its sleek

shininess out of the city and sped for what seemed an endless time into the somber quietness of the Jersey countryside. When she finally came upon the fog-laden beach, her thoughts were spinning madly and her bizarre, heavy make-up was streaked where tears had dried upon her cheeks. And yet she had not found the escape she sought. The oppressive horror of her failure pounded in her head, and only after what seemed an eternity of plodding along the beach did any semblance of calm and order return to her.

She sat upon a large stone and followed the tide with her eyes as the waves broke gently before her, then rushed back to meet the sea. Her moroseness seemed almost gone; then suddenly it returned with double force—all the shame and humiliation, the shattering of her glorious dreams for the future—there were no longer concert stages or opera roles, no praise from adoring admirers or ecstatic critics; nothing but dark desolation for a woman without a voice. Nearly drowning in the sea of self-pity, it would have taken a strong force to save her, and the strongest force of all acted right then. Drifting from somewhere behind her came the pungent, strong delicious odor of boiling coffee. It cut through the night like a knife and lured Doris to lift her head, her nostrils welcoming its spicy fragrance as her stomach reminded her that a cup of it would taste good.

She stood up to look for a campfire or a group of picnickers but could see nothing in the foggy mist. Then, suddenly, a small patch of light shone almost twenty yards away from where she stood, a beacon to her eyes.

Doris caught up the fullness of her dress in one hand, her shoes gripped in the other, and half ran toward the light. She found it issuing from the window of a disappointingly small and disreputable looking shack, a patchy tar paper affair that looked as it one blast of ocean air would knock it to the ground. But unmistakably, somewhere within its confines a pot of coffee was being brewed—a pot of coffee that gave off the most tantalizing of aromas.

Doris picked her way rather distastefully along the sketchy remains of what was once a path, avoiding when possible piles of sun-and-wind-bleached articles stacked in front: a scantily-clad feminine figurehead, the frame of an old chair, numerous boxes and cartons containing an assortment of smaller articles.

She knocked rather surreptitiously at the weather-beaten door. Receiving no answer, she knocked louder. There was a startled rasping sound as a chair was pushed across the bare floor and Doris heard an "Eh. Who's that?" grunted somewhere within the shack. The light disappeared from the window and soon appeared again in the crack under the door. There was a sound of chains and bolts rattling and finally of a bar being withdrawn. The door creaked slowly open, and standing in the doorway was an incredibly wizened old man holding high a kerosene lantern and squinting into the darkness to see who came to visit him at such an unorthodox hour.

He had a great bush of snowy hair, and beneath, his ruddy features were small and shrivelled. His clothing was a loose, baggy sailor's uniform of an era long since gone. He took a long moment to survey Doris' youthful charm, her costume, which, to say the least, was unusual for beach-walking,

A CUP Of COFFEE

By FREDERIC VOGELSANG '47

SECOND PLACE SHORT STORY

the heavy rhinestone bracelet and earclips, and the high-heeled shoes she carried in one hand, then demanded, "Well?"

"I'm so very sorry to bother you at this hour, sir, but I was walking along the beach, and I smelled your coffee. I didn't realize quite how long I had been walking or how hungry I was. The coffee smelled so delicious that . . . "

"Oh, I see." His face brightened. "You're hungry. Come in, come in. I should be glad to share my snack with you. One doesn't often have visitors out here, you know. And never such lovely ones," he added smiling.

Doris laughed appreciatively and followed him inside. The interior of the shack was a little better than the exterior, though the only difference was that things were arranged a little more neatly. Dominating the room was a large round table bearing preparations for a midnight snack: several slabs of bread on a chipped plate, a crazed cup and saucer, a plate of butter, and a piece of brown wrapping paper on which were a large chunk of cheese and a knife. On a small coal stove in the corner, coffee was bubbling merrily in an old aluminum coffeepot and sending off the aroma that had lured Doris to this place.

"This is really good of you . . . " Doris began.

"Nuthin' 'tall," the old man mumbled, digging in the recesses of a warped mahogany cabinet for another cup and saucer. "Glad t'have someone here to share my lunch. Ain't many as come down here. 'Sfunny a lady like you would." He cocked one quizzical eyebrow as he gave her this opening for an explanation.

"Yes. Yes, I suppose it is," Doris assented. "I am . . . I . . . I *was* a singer. I . . . It . . , " and she bit her lips, choking back her agony, her eyes wide with remembrance. Then suddenly she broke into hysterical laughter. She lifted her head high; her merriment pealed forth while tears rolled down her cheeks. For several moments she was unable to speak, while the old beachcomber watched her sadly, wonderingly.

"It's right, isn't it," she finally gasped between laughs, "that I should be here? Here among the relics of wrecked ships and lives? Here where all that is left of glorious work and ambitions are scraps of wood and metal battered by the whims of Nature from the ships that sailed forth with the prayers and hopes of those ambitious workers? Nature is a joker, you know. She watches all those workers gain skill and art; she watches them labor and plan and perfect themselves and their ideas, and waits till they feel they're ready for the final test to prove to themselves and to all the world that they are ready to climb to the top. Then she smashes her fist down on them and . . . and . . . " Doris was unable to finish. She buried her face in her hands and sobbed quietly.

The old man fussed silently and busily at the stove, then turned and set a cup of steaming black coffee before her.

"Drink this. It'll do you good." And, as she lifted the cup to her lips, "So you think you're just about washed up, huh? So ole Lady Nature has given you a sock in the jaw and you're gonna give up? Listen to me, lady, you fold up now with one strike against you, an' you might as well walk out into that ocean there an' never come back. Believe me, 'cause I know." Then, more quietly, "I gave up after one knock. Look at me now.

"Well, maybe you do see the wrecks of ambitions and plans . . . an' maybe you see a wreck of humanity; but let me tell you, you wouldn't see 'em if them fellas with all them plans and ambitions had looked over them ships once more before sendin' 'em out to fight it out with the winds an' the

weather an' the sea. An' me? Well, if I'd had guts enough to go back and say I was wrong, maybe I wouldn't be here now. You gotta go back, lady. You gotta go back to that guy who taught you how to sing an' tell him there's something wrong . . . somethin' missin'. An' then you gotta start from the ground floor an' check on everything you know about singin' until you hit the snag. An' then comes the work. You gotta tell yourself it was you an' not nature that was to blame. Then you'll give another concert, an' you'll have all them folks what's laughin' at you now cheerin' for you. An' you'll prove to yourself an' to ever'body else that you can do it."

"Oh, I . . . couldn't. I just couldn't. To face them all . . . oh, no, no, no!" Doris set her empty cup back in its saucer.

"Yes, you can, an' you will. Ole Lady Nature's tryin' to test you now. She don't want any soft ones in her top ranks. She knocks ever'body around, but it's them what comes back for more that stay on top. Oh, yah, she's a tough dame to handle, an' t'ain't ever'one can do it. You gotta show 'er you're tough, too. She jes' wants to know if you got faith in yourself."

"Faith in myself," Doris mused. "I *had* faith in myself, but . . . "

"You've *got* faith in yourself. You got to keep it.

"Well, I said my piece. 'Nother cup o' coffee?"

"Coffee? No . . . oh, no." Doris was lost in a meditative silence. Then, "No, I haven't time for another cup. I must get back to the city. I'm having a music lesson tomorrow morning. I'll never be able to sing if I don't get my rest, you know." And she stood up. "I really must rush back."

"Okay, lady. You must know."

Doris opened the door and stood looking at the ocean. She took a step out into the air, then turned to call, "Oh, thanks for the coffee. It did wonders for me!"

While the grinning beachcomber watched, she disappeared into the endless mist of the night.

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the heavy rhinestone bracelet and earclips, and the high-heeled shoes she carried in one hand, then demanded, "Well?"

"I'm so very sorry to bother you at this hour, sir, but I was walking along the beach, and I smelled your coffee. I didn't realize quite how long I had been walking or how hungry I was. The coffee smelled so delicious that . . . "

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All through the Night

By MARILYN McCONNELL '47

WOULD YOU kindly remove your foot from my face? That's my stomach you're stepping on! I know it's comfortable, but I'm no "PLP" (Public Leaning Post, to you, bub.)

Those are the remarks that you might hear if you dropped in on a nighty-night party, strictly feminine. Homework doesn't rate, for any poor, unsuspecting book worm who so much as mentions next day's assignment is silenced immediately.

Weighed down by pillows, blankets, and the needed essentials, the chattering group staggers up the front steps and is greeted by the blue-jean clad hostess. After depositing their cumbersome loads wherever they see fit, they immediately fill vacant chairs, while the less fortunate try to make themselves as comfortable as possible on the rather hard floors. The rules of posture are soon forgotten as so-called young ladies slouch gracefully all over the chairs. Bobby-soxed feet dangle helplessly in mid-air, and then it begins!

The little snatches of conversation grow into a steady buzz amid the busy knitting needles. "Will you pick up this stitch for me?" "Did you hear about so and so?" "I thought I'd die!" Secrets are revealed and affairs on recent dates made known. The gossip runs wild, and after gabbing steadily, someone becomes thirsty. The soda business prospers as coke flows like wine. Soon large bags of potato chips are consumed in a surprisingly short time. But then, you know what ravenous appetites teen-agers have.

Along about 11:00 p. m., knitting becomes tiresome and the gossip is rather dry, but the party goes on. Woody Herman, Count Basie, Harry "The Horn" James take over (on records, natch!) Alert hepcats become groovy and begin rug-cuttin'; the very house shakes as fourteen strong voices join in on Lionel Hampton's *Hey Ba-Ba Re Bop.* Two of the more solid hepcats are really cuttin' as they swing out to a very jivey number. Many of the nonjitterbugs are envious as they follow every one of the speedy movements made by the bobby-sox covered feet. Midnight finds the oil still burning brightly, but by then the blue jeans are discarded for long, flashy pajamas. Father wouldn't be seen in them, but slick chicks find them a super attire for any overnight session.

Nobody's tired; all are quieted down as the party-goers roll up in their blankets on the hard floor. Gossip begins again, and the odd shapes on the floor toss and turn, trying to take in all that's going on. A few manage to go to sleep in the uproar, but almost all are awake. As the dawn creeps through the windows, fourteen tired girls finally doze contentedly, and the party is another one of those classed as super deluxe.

Yes, coke, knitting, jive music, and gossip all go together to spell REAL FUN. If you like to have a good time, why don't you take the advice of one who knows and try a sleeping party?

Our Professional Patrons

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CHIROPRACTORS

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A. Naidl
H. C. Reuter

End of the Contest — End of the Search — Here are YOUR

Members of the *Manitou* staff are not eligible for prizes. Honorable mentions are listed in the order of their rank.

EDITORIAL

First Place: **Our Youth Center**.....Elwood Horstman, '47

Second Place: **Our Chance for Peace**.....Jo Ann Cerny, '48

Honorable Mention:

Carolyn Worthington, 47
Shirley Kinard, '47
Joanne Malek, '48
Elaine Palmer, '47
Lois Ann Panosh, '47
Elwood Horstman, '47
Marian Anderson, '47
Louise Moede, '47
Kathleen Busse, '48
Frederic Vogelsang, '47
Jeannine Bruechert, '47
Helen Skeels, '47
George Spoentgen, '48
Helene Meyer, '48

ESSAY

First Place: **The Customer Is Always**.....Ludmilla Rosik, '47

Second Place: **Mother**.....Jean Perrodin, '48

Honorable Mention:

Louise Moede, '47
Rhea Alpert, '47
Marian Anderson, '47
Marilyn McConnell, '48
Delores Boriss, '47
John Portman, '49
Frederic Vogelsang, '47
Doris Berns, '47
Lois Ann Panosh, '47
Elwood Horstman, '47
John Nickles, '47
Walter Sonnenburg, '47
Henry Vits, 47

INTERVIEW

First Place: **Mr. Hugo Rose**.....Delores Boriss, '47

Second Place: **Mrs. Harry Pehrson**.....Ardis Krainik, '47

Honorable Mention:

Shirley Kinard, '47
Jeannine Bruechert, '47
Marian Anderson, '47
Doris Berns, '47
Donna Kitzerow, '47
Rhea Alpert, '47
Carolyn Kubitz, '47
Catherine Wattawa, '47

MYSTERY STORY

First Place: **The Genius**.....Frederic Vogelsang, '47

Second Place: **Silent Night, Holy Night**.....Ludmilla Rosik, '47

Honorable Mention:

Arthur Schmidt, '48
Ardis Krainik, '47
Doris Berns, '47
Donald R. Petersen, '47
Kathleen Magill, '48
Robert Seidl, '48
Dorothy Vergiels, '48
Marianne Wunrow, '47
Marilyn McConnell, '48
Doris Herbst, '48

PHOTOGRAPHY

First Place: **Outward Bound**.....Thomas Rees, '47

Second Place: **Over the Top**.....Lloyd Olson, Jr., '49

Honorable Mention: Thomas Rees, '47

POETRY

First Place: **Musings**.....Frederic Vogelsang, '47

Second Place: **Garret Repertoire**.....Lois Culver, '47

Honorable Mention:

Audrey Maxfeldt, '47
George Spoentgen, '48
Claudia Fricke, '48
Wilma Olm, '47
Doris Berns, '47
Gretchen Hoyer, '48
Mary Ann Hardina, '48
Marian Neuser, '49
Jo Ann Cerny, '48

TREASURES

REVIEW

First Place: **When a Girl Marries (radio)** ..... Louise Moede, '47
Second Place: **Anna and the King of Siam (movie)** ..... Rhea Alpert, '47

Honorable Mention:

Marian Anderson, '47
Virginia Hoefner, '47
Frederic Vogelsang, '47
Grace Carnot, '47
Elizabeth Beaver, '47
Donna Kitzerow, '47
Jeannine Bruechert, '47
Shirley Drews, '48
Doris Berns, '47
Audrey Maxfeldt, '47
James Heck, '48
Doris Herbst, '48

SKETCH

First Place: **A Gay Game** ..... Jeanette Meyer, '47
Second Place: **My Second Home** ..... Lois Ann Panosh, '47

Honorable Mention:

Marian Anderson, '47
Carolyn Worthington, '47
Shirley Drews, '48
Joan Davis, '47
Audrey Maxfeldt, '47
Nan Lowry, '47
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John Tangen, '48
William Hartmann, '47
Joan Monka, '47

SHORT STORY

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Second Place: **A Cup of Coffee** ..... Frederic Vogelsang, '47

Honorable Mention:

Ludmilla Rosik, '47
Shirley Drews, '48
Ardis Krainik, '47
Audrey Maxfeldt, '47
Donald R. Petersen, '47
Lois Ann Panosh, '47
Catherine Wattawa, '47
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Delores Boriss, '47

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Silent Night, Holy Night

(Continued from Page 24)

couldn't go any farther. The wooden steps were old and would tell her presence. There she stood, hardly breathing. The unshut door moved open a little. What if it should open all the way?

The blood curdling laugh again sounded. The closeness of it this time chilled Eileen's spine. There she remained, drowned in a sea of blackness.

What was this thing? What did it want? What was it going to do?

She felt trapped in the narrow stairway—trapped as she had felt the time the kids had locked her up in the top—no air, nothing to see, a suffocating feeling of captivity.

She could hear the figure open doors, glass-paneled doors of the shelves where the choir books were, and shut them forcefully. What was he looking for? What if he would open the belfry door? He was sure to, because he was opening and slamming each one he could find.

Then he paused at the organ, an old-fashioned pipe organ. Laughing insanely, he sat down on the bench and began to play madly. The organ which was accustomed to solemn hymns burst into a savage rhythm. There he sat playing violently, as his hysterical laugh swelled with the mad music. The weird concert frightened Eileen all the more. But she had to stay, as on and on he played. He performed as a delighted child, a mad scientist, a watchful criminal.

Then the music stopped as suddenly as it had started, and he began opening and slamming doors again. His horrible cackling was accompanied by wailing like that of a hungry beast.

He was coming to the belfry door. She could feel his steps approaching closer and closer, louder and louder. She had to go up now; there was no other way.

Madly she started up the stairs. Where could she go when she reached the top? On she climbed, panting and bewildered.

He threw the door wide open and laughed insanely as one who is about to do some criminal act.

Then he began ascending. Maybe he had heard her and was following, coming after her. Maybe he was only curious.

She hadn't time to think. On she ran, stumbling and crying.

His pace quickened.

Breathless, Eileen reached the top. She could go no farther. She could hear him still coming. What could she do? Wait? Wait for him to catch up to her in the square room? There was no escape. The laugh began again and continued with the journey.

Desperately she tried to feel for something, something to hit him with. Cold, shaking hands slid over spongy, soft cobwebs and moss-like dust. There was nothing. Then the hopeless fingers touched a rope, the rope to ring the church bell. It was her last and only chance. She must ring the bell for help. Surely someone would wonder about the bell's ringing at such an hour. Someone would come to help her. Someone must, she prayed, as the figure neared the top.

She grasped the rope with all her strength and tugged at it. A loud piercing tone rang through the tiny belfry. A wild scream came from the figure as it retraced its course. It was rushing away, frightened.

Frantically Eileen continued ringing the bells. She mustn't stop now till he was gone, gone forever.

Distantly she heard the huge church door slam. She was free. On and on she tugged with all her might, ringing the bells of freedom. She was laughing and crying.

The pealing tones deafened her.

With unheard of energy she ran down the stairs, past the organ to the downstairs, unconscious of her surroundings till she was out in the cold night.

On she fled. Home, she must go home.

At last she was at her refuge, and she lay sobbing on her bed. It all seemed so distant and remote now. Only the feeling of

(Continued on Page 81)

First National Bank

Complete Banking Service

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Hi —

Guess what Janie told me when she was home from the U! Years ago the dean down at Madison forbade the gals to wear red 'cause she said it was inflammatory. That's probably why that snippy Connie Michel has been wearing her cute red *Teenhouse* dress lately. Y'know, the one that's tailored, just her type. She got it at the BOSTON STORE.

Did you see Doris in her new two-piece sun-suit the other day? Imagine—trying to get a suntan in the middle of March! Some people would do anything to show off a cute outfit.

You'd never imagine her going out for track . . . . but she was when I saw her rushing to fifth period yesterday. The only thing that kept her from taking off was the green beanie with gold studs sitting on her head. The BOSTON STORE has loads of adorable hats which reminds me, I better start convincing mother I need a new Easter bonnet.

You know how blouses sometimes look as though they've been caught in the wringer? Well, the new French teacher had a cute one on today. It was white with a shoe-string bow at the neck and looked so fresh it must have been a *Joan Kenley.*

How about going dutch on the present for Jo's party? Oh, she didn't ask you! Well—maybe I can finagle you an invite. I'll drop a subtle hint tomorrow. They have some cute charms for her jangly bracelet at the BOSTON STORE jewelry counter for $1.20.

All items mentioned may be found at your local Boston Store.

Heard the Latest?

Did you get around to writing your Christmas thank-you letter to your aunt for that Bobbsey Twins book? I was down scanning the stationery counter and saw the cutest note paper with rocking horses on the border. Just to let her know you've grown up!

Have you decided what your mother can give you for graduation, Sue? I've picked out a simulated leather jewelry case with a lock, to keep my class rings and I. D.'s safe from Sis. They come in blue, brown, and green.

Remember what we were taught in psychology about how a hobby helps you to relax? I'm going to get one of those Sock Paks for Jim and knit him a pair of argyle socks. Sure— complete directions—so simple even I can follow them.

I hate to tell you this 'cuz I know it'll wreck your diet, but they have some delicious chocolate pecan clusters at the candy counter. They're the old-fashioned kind that just melt in your mouth.

Walk through the fabrics department sometime, Sue. They have loads of dotted swiss and taffeta for formals. It hardly seems possible Prom is so close.

I have to run now, Sue. Jack wants the phone and ordinarily I wouldn't give in, but the hayride is next week and I want to wear the shirt I gave him for his birthday. The BOSTON STORE has a *super* boys' department. Well, be seeing you. 'Bye now.

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Sixth Ward

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Seventh Ward

By LUDMILLA ROSIK '47

FIRST PLACE ESSAY

The Customer is

YOU EARN more than money when you work in a department store. You develop a knowledge of human beings you couldn't gain elsewhere. You come in contact with all kinds of people, and, after a short time of survey, you can learn to type and classify each customer. Before asking him, "What can I do for you, please?" you are able to surmise what his reactions will be by his looks, actions, and various other idiosyncrasies. Money received from all customers is accepted to be worth the same, but there is a difference in each piece, a marked difference left by each individual. A nickel from a small child holds the warmth of a clenched hand. A thin dime given by an old man or woman has the coldness of his fast fading life passed on to it. The iciness of some coins traces itself to the frigidity of a countenance which has never known love. A crushed bill is freely spent by a woman attired in work clothes. A trim, fashionably-dressed woman presents a crisp bill which retains its bank freshness.

The cash register in its machinelike manner brings all this money together with utter disregard for appearances or for its spender. The register becomes full of pennies, because most women hate this lowest coin and are always asking if it is all right to get rid of some pennies and then carefully count them out. Men produce handfuls of change and quickly pick out the largest denominations.

If a businesslike man drops a penny or nickel among the articles, he nobly says to leave it. A small child loses his penny, and tears begin to form with doubts of its return. The reddening freckled face brightens with relief when you dig up shelves for the lost coin. You need no more reward for your work.

The hands which give the money are always different: soft manicured hands, cold scaly hands, thin clutching fingers, massive machine-molded hands, professional scrub-bed-white hands, short stubby nails, or houseworn hands, grimy, stained hands of toiling people. All these leave their mark on money.

Americans house their purchasing power in various receptacles. A neatly dressed child brings forth money from a new shoulder strap purse. Beside the small coin purse is a folded white hanky. Another ragged, less-cared-for child carries the coin pressed in grimy hands always to know its presence. Small boys trying to act grownup imitatively dig into their trouser pockets. Children shopping for their mothers have money tied in handkerchiefs or in odd change purses not fitting their age. Change is given back to them. Bewildered they grab the money, magnifying how such a small coin could grow into so much change. They have faith in your addition; others meticulously count each coin before depositing it.

Women's purses are typical of the women themselves. A specimen who never has time to accomplish all the things she wants to searches frantically through a purse which contains almost everything but money. "I know I had a nickel here somewhere." Prim, neat women open conservative purses and methodically procure the exact amount. The woman in factory clothes hastily produces an assortment of money from one of her many pockets. She has no idea how much she has.

Handling so much money each day de-decreases the miserly feeling in you. The roundness or heavy sense of a coin becomes commonplace and no longer thrills you.

Always

True manners are brought out while shopping. The lady who seems so charming to her club friends breaches all the rules of etiquette at the counter. She hastens ahead of other patient people, because she is in a hurry. It is her privilege to be rude to the clerk, and it is she who usually tosses the goods around, because clerks have nothing else to do, and it is she who always has some retort to show her intelligence. A woman with deep blue eyes timidly asks if you're busy, and then requests a small favor. Her smiling lips don't know the rules of etiquette; her eyes and warm smile reveal her gratitude.

As you realize each person is different, you grow aware that they all treat you in different manners, too. A well brought-up child politely calls you madam. On the other side of the counter, a group of small boys whistle for your attention and refer to you as "Hey". Some treat you as a servant, others regard you as an expert on almost anything at your counter. And there are some who consider you a human being like themselves. They exchange knowing smiles at humorous small things.

Children are the most versatile shoppers, for they have not yet learned to suppress their emotions which revealing faces express. With hopeful eyes peering a bit above the counter top, they ask the price of things with huge signs towering behind them. With sad expressions they look at you and their money and walk away. Others debate as to what is best to buy with their small allowance. With such meager allotments, many are better economists than their extravagant elders. A little girl dolefully looks at a dime article and is reminded of her nickel that once seemed fat. Next to her is a child in a bunny fur coat whose mommy is buying her almost anything she desires. The unfairness of the world dawns on the pauper's face.

Women in coats worn five winters buy candy and toys at the demands of happy-eyed children they can't resist. Parents who seldom listen to their children or have a kind word for them at home now try to act like other people and put on kindness and interest for their children. The creatures love to go down town because they know their mamma won't yell at them then. They're always treated so nice down town.

The store provides a meeting place for old friends. They meet someone they haven't seen for years and stop to gather the history of each other.

Friday and Saturday the rural people come to meet and stop and talk while the

other half does her shopping. You can discern the people who go to town about once or twice a month. To them going down town means something. Sunday clothes are worn, and children are freshly scrubbed.

Each counter represents a different crowd: toy counter—children just looking with eyes of longing, grownups playing with past forgotten things; men's wear—a red-faced lad buying shorts, a boy picking out his first tie; greeting-card counter—a woman with a tear-stained face picks out a sympathy card, next to her are youngsters

(Continued on Page 75)

A Gay Game

THE SKY is our roof as the lights blaze all around the field revealing hundreds of faces, some laughing and some even serious, all here for one purpose, so it seems, to witness a game of football. Here the players and spectators suffer a thousand anguished deaths and perhaps a thousand joys. But not me. Nope, I'm just here because I am. That's all. I just came for the social end of the game and I show it.

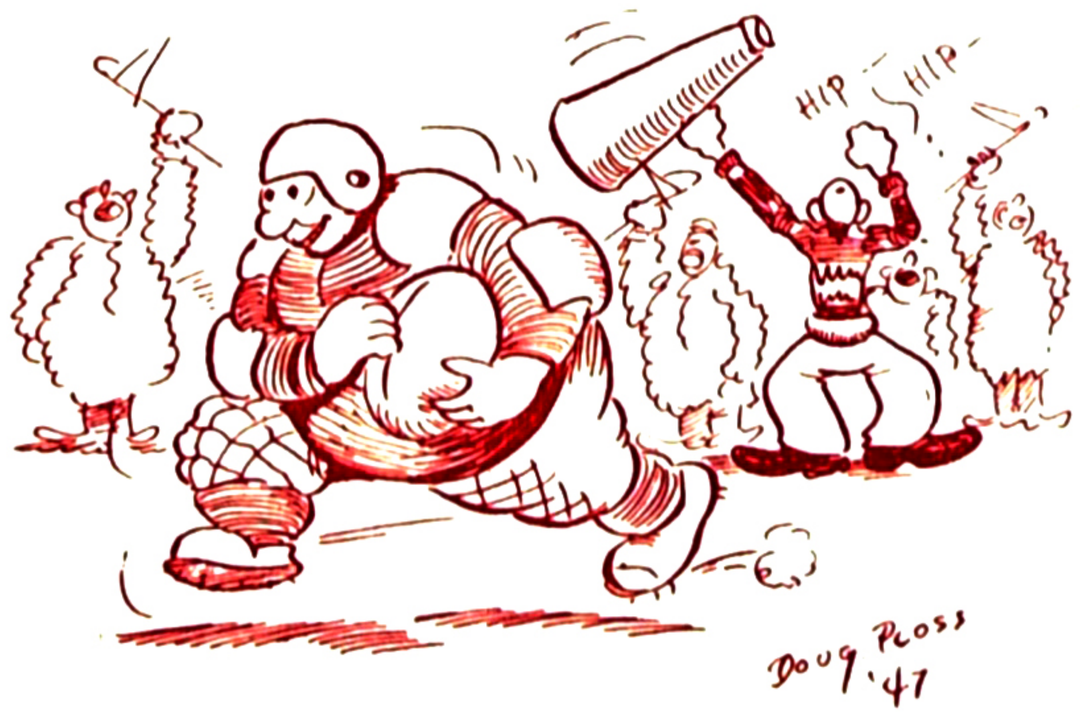
When the players run out on the field, the spectators all get up and yell and whistle and send cat-calls rending the air. I get up and give them my Pepsodent smile and turning to my friends I give them my verdict on the game which is already second-hand. It once belonged to my father who hasn't a very good opinion of our favorite team.

The kick-off! Everyone gets up with straining features. They yell, "Run, run, run!" or "Get him! Tackle him! There he goes!" and finally a large blissful "Ahhh" comes from the crowd. Our enemies have been grounded.

Everyone is yelling as the two teams waver back and forth grunting, tackling, and knocking each other around to gain a few yards and then lose them again. The football enthusiast sits on edge chewing his or her nails which have been cultivated all week for just this evening. Me? I have a beautiful pair of nails because by now I'm losing my interest in the game and am concentrating on the latest gossip with my poor neighbor who for some reason doesn't want to listen.

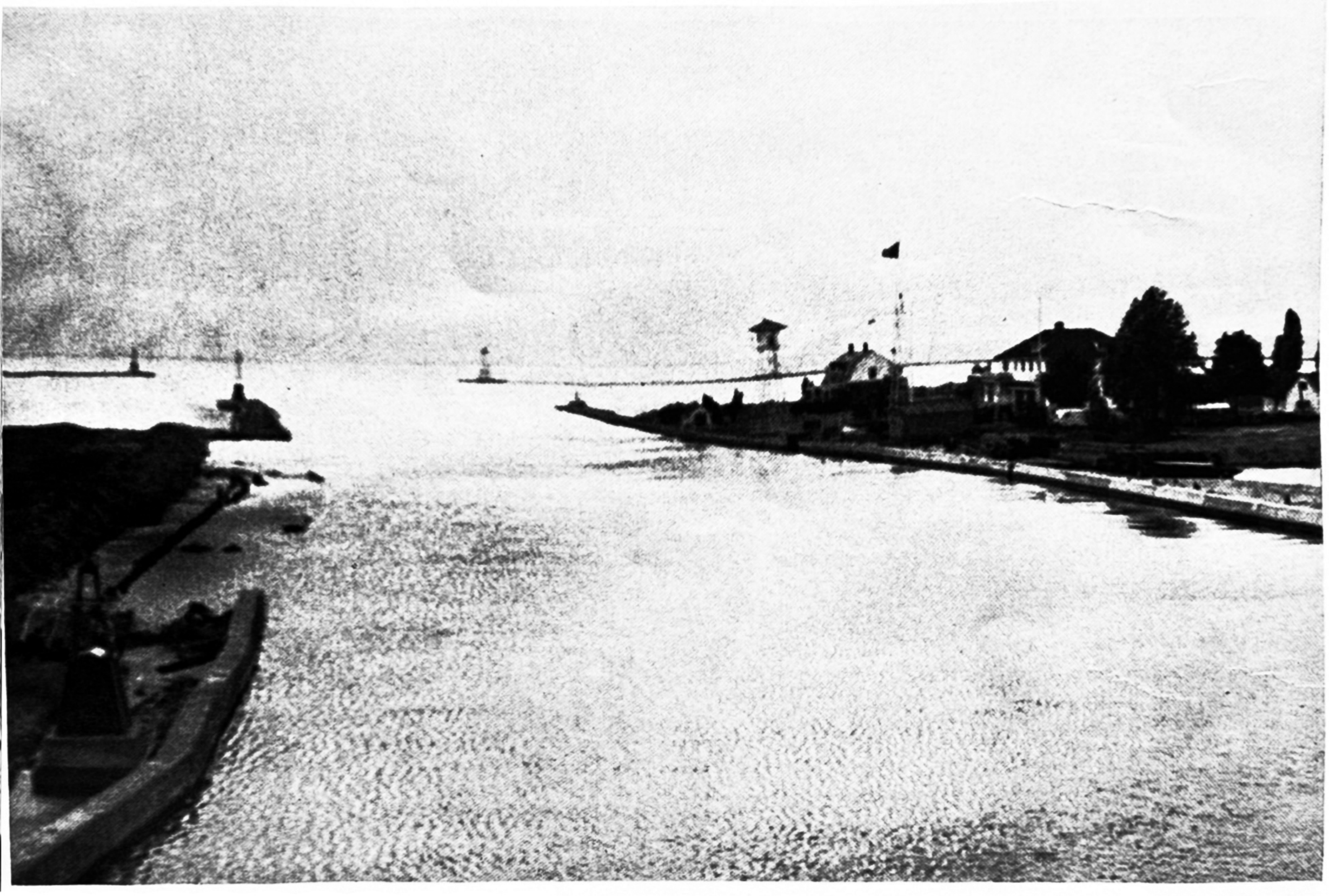
As often as they can, our cheerleaders go out on the field and jump around looking peppy, but personally I think they're just cold. They spread across the whole field on this side (our side, that is), and start their yells. The crowd works itself into a frenzy, and being polite I yell along with them. The cheer ends with a large "YEA TEAM", and the cheerleaders run back to their bench to freeze it out until the next yell.

Down. Down. First down. Second down. Third down and finally fourth down. On the fourth down their team decides to use their wheaties (breakfast of champions?). One of the players makes a dash towards the goal. All eyes are riveted on the man. The opposite side of the field is yelling its heads off encouraging him while our side yells in its despair. One of our men is on his heels now. He makes a wild dive to tackle him. Ouch! Ouff! He misses and goes bouncing crazily around on the ground. The crowd is going crazy. Finally I decide something interesting is going on, so I get up to look around only to be pushed hastily down again by my demonstrative friend who puts her hand in my face and shoves. I get up and yell at her and she looks hurt—and all the while the man is running for the goal posts which he attains in a final burst of speed. This is the end of the second quarter.



The kids tell me when the downs come up. One down is the same as another down to me.

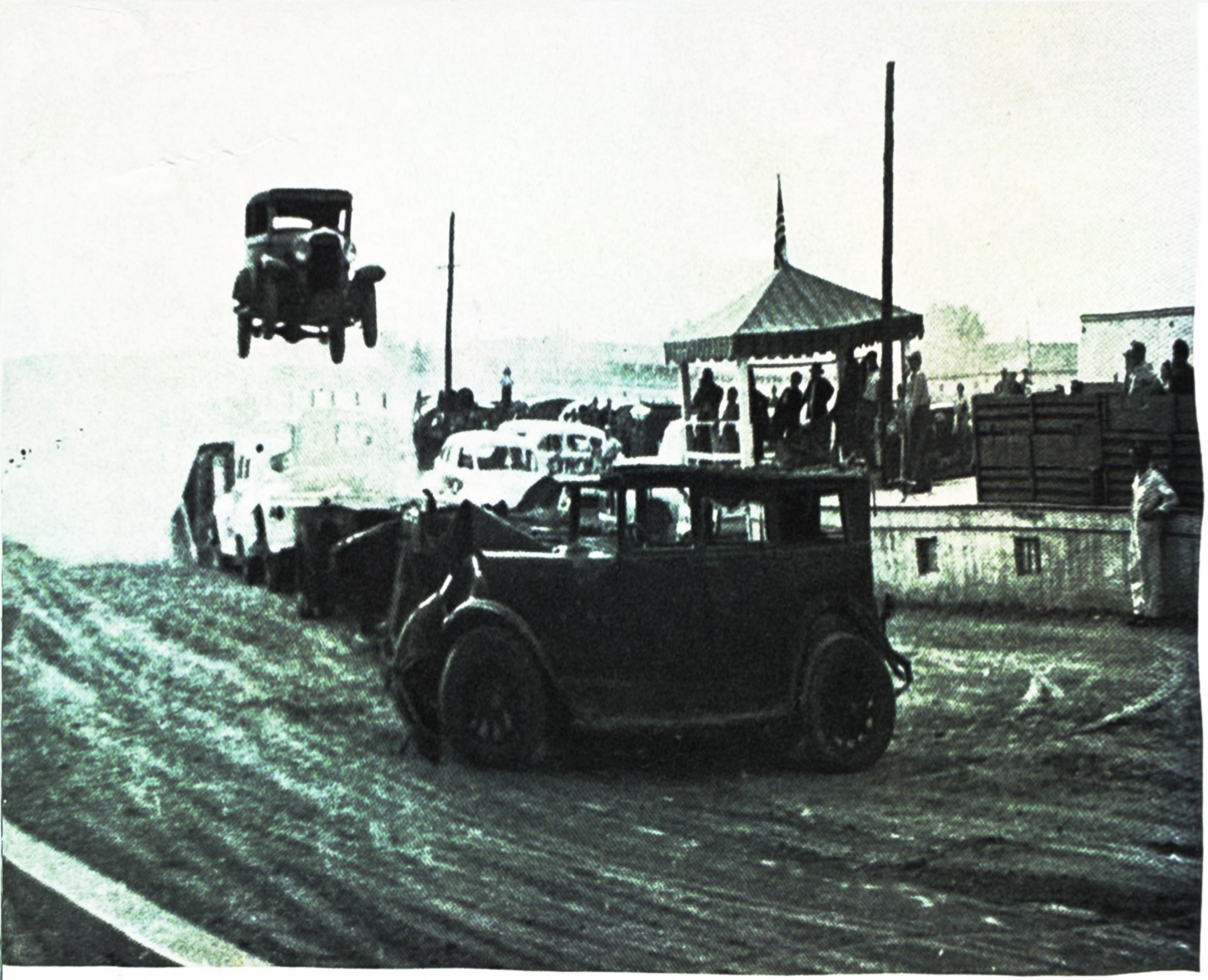
The end of the game is near. I can feel it in the hoarse voices and strained faces of my friends. I sit calmly chewing popcorn. We have made one touchdown and now the



OUTWARD BOUND

By TOM REES '47

FIRST PLACE PHOTOGRAPHY



OVER THE TOP

fans cry for one more, just one more touchdown in strained, begging voices.

The teams continue their hellish battle. Carrying the ball, kicking it, fumbling, and recovering it. "We want a touchdown!" the crowd roars. The players are spurred on. One of our men makes a long pass, and it is intercepted by one of our own men. And right near the goal. The crowd goes wild. He makes that touchdown but I don't see it. I am sitting where my feet used to be with my girl friends pounding joyfully on my head. The whistle blows just as we make the extra point. Again the crowd goes wild and again I am shoved down to my awkward position by two bulldozers faintly resembling my girl friends. I pull myself up grimly and much battered and bruised I join the gay throng of people as they sweep out of the stadium. Football is so gay!

On Daydreaming

By DONNA GESELL '47

I feel like a guilty child with my hand in the cookie jar, expecting Mother to come in and catch me. I am day dreaming.

It makes little difference where I am, what I am doing, or how many people are near me, for daydreaming is spontaneous; I cannot force myself to dream. Almost anything can start me off: a difficult problem in geometry, the soft dreamy tones of an old favorite melody, Lauren Bacall emoting thrillingly on the screen.

Each day, for a little while, I slip away into my dream world. Here the ambitions that are closest to my heart are born, and the plans are laid to carry them out. Best of all, here I am king. I can do no wrong.

Garret Repertoire

By LOIS CULVER '47

SECOND PLACE POETRY

"Artist, you speak as a poet!

Why do you not make penciled words?"

●

"Poet, my expressions are for canvas,

Not for books.

My words are color,

My ode a look.

●

Have not my strokes the rhythmic

Meter of your verse?

I idealize, interpret, invent, compose,

Refer to prose.

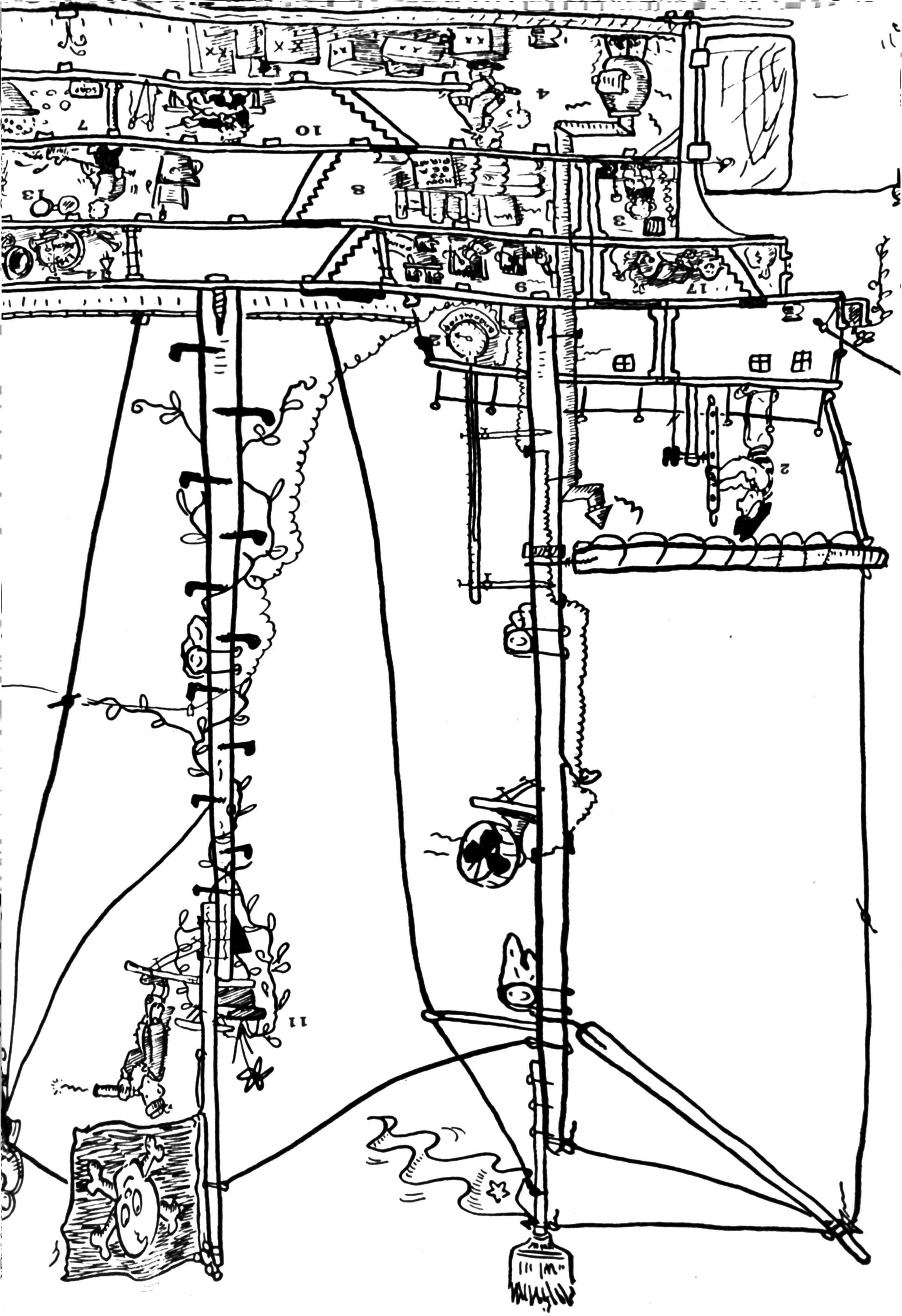
●

Maker of verse, does not poetic license

Extend to both of us?

You, the artist of words,

I, the poet of paint?"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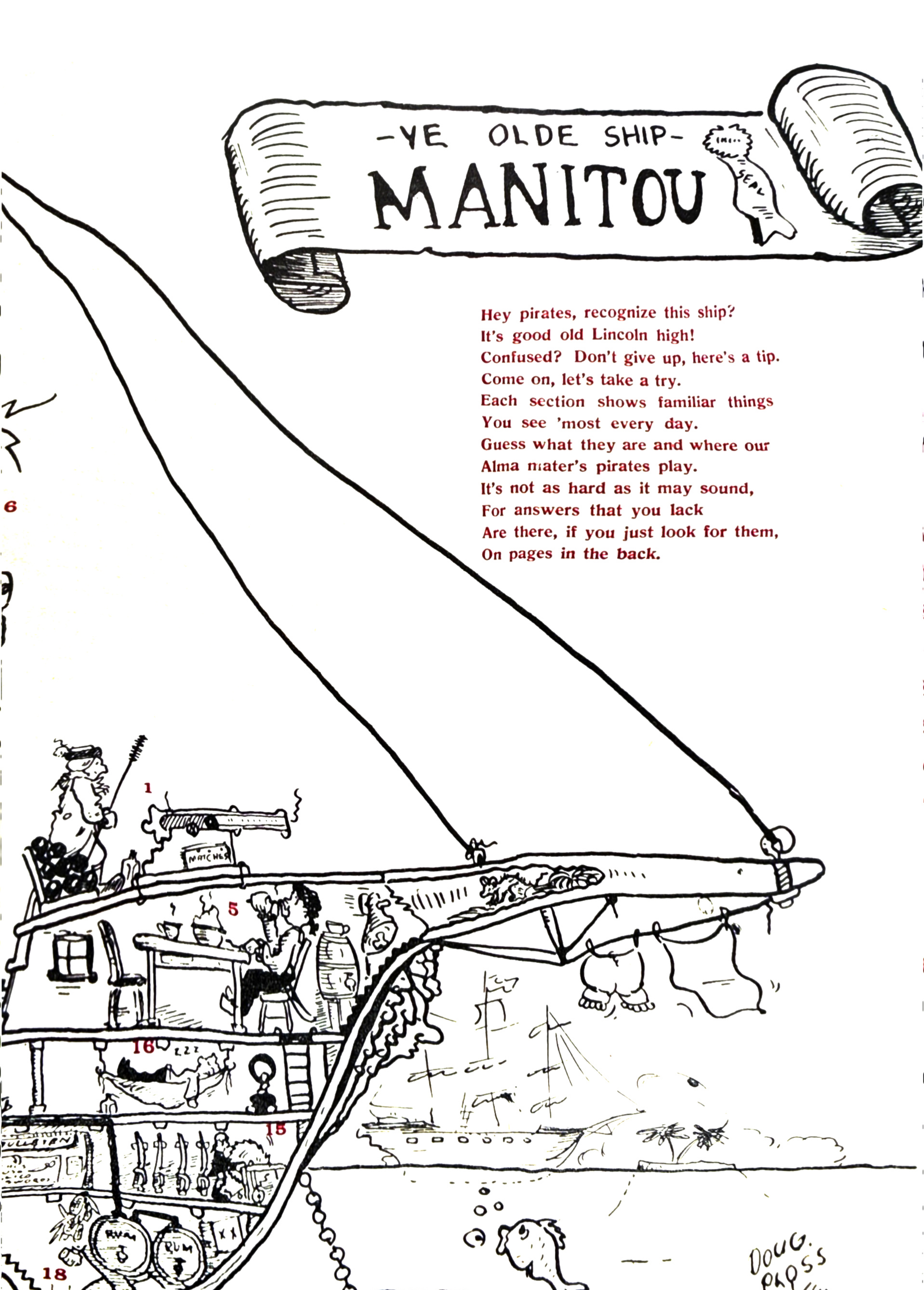
-YE OLDE SHIP-
MANITOU



Hey pirates, recognize this ship?
It's good old Lincoln high!
Confused? Don't give up, here's a tip.
Come on, let's take a try.
Each section shows familiar things
You see 'most every day.
Guess what they are and where our
Alma mater's pirates play.
It's not as hard as it may sound,
For answers that you lack
Are there, if you just look for them,
On pages in the back.

The
GENIUS

(Continued from page 7)

He is destined for great success."

"I can remember when he first began to study," Cordoy mused wryly. "I didn't know I was tutoring a genius."

"It seems a great many years since *you* were *my* pupil, Michel," Josias Matthews said, smiling. "Did you know, Lady Mannering, that Mr. Cordoy, here, studied originally with me?"

"Indeed I did, Mr. Matthews. It was because of that that we knew he would be an excellent tutor for our Ronnie—Byron, that is. And he did a maginificent job."

"Yes, indeed, Cordoy. When Byron came to me I found the groundwork well laid."

"With Ronnie it was no task. The boy's soul was created for music. By the way, Mr. Matthews, do you remember my debut recital? It must be—yes, twenty-seven years ago. You were there."

"Certainly I remember it. You were, of all my pupils, the one I had the most faith in and hope for."

Cordoy's voice was edged with bitterness. "I am sorry I didn't live up to your expectations."

"Nonsense, man! What are you saying?"

"Have I done anything so spectacular that you can point to me with pride and say, 'He is my pupil'? I am merely a tutor. I did not even have the successful concert career you had before you taught."

"That is idiocy, my dear fellow. This afternoon I have a feeling we were both created for but one purpose: to observe, interpret, and integrate into a theory the finest points of the finest musicians and then instill them into the genius we are presenting to the world tonight."

On Cordoy's face there was wry amusement as he turned almost rudely and entered the house.

* * * * *

Soft candlelight glowed on the polished rosewood of the grand piano at one end of the room. Grouped sociably about in comfortable chairs were the twenty-odd guests Byron had invited. The subdued conversation held a note of expectancy. The clock on the mantel struck the first chime of nine. The voices were stilled and all eyes were fastened upon the door behind the piano through which Byron was to enter. There was a dull thud from within that room, a few minutes of absolute silence, then a sudden crescendo of piercing, agonizing screams, ungodly in shrillness and terror. It was Byron's voice, I knew at once. The shrieks continued, now more of pain and misery than of the horror of the first ones. By then we were at the door and had forced our way into the room.

I have never seen anything more ghastly. Byron was sitting at the desk in the center of the room, handsomely clad in his concert evening clothes, his head hanging forward unnaturally, while low, breathless sobs, the aftermath of his screams, entirely filled the room. His eyes were staring with disbelief at his hands, spread on the table before him. It was those hands that drew our eyes, for they were slashed to ribbons and rested in a pool of scarlet blood—gory, blood-soaked, mangled . . . *ruined* hands.

CAREFUL

By TOM REES '47

Now it seemed like an hour we stood there staring, but actually we were assisting Byron in the next moment. He only moaned, over and over, "My hands . . . he cut my hands! I can't play. My hands . . . my hands! My hands!"

The doctor from the village came as soon as we called him, and it was while he was shut up with Byron, trying to repair those massacred fingers that we heard the boy's hysterical voice screaming, "Hugh! Hugh! It was Hugh! He hates me! It was Hugh!"

Hugh was on his feet in a minute defending himself volubly, with the others trying to quiet him as best they could.

Hugh wouldn't! He couldn't! Not his own brother! Still — there was Hugh's and Byron's obvious dislike of each other, and Hugh's apparent jealousy. What were we to think?

The door opened, and the doctor, grave of mien and slow of step, approached us, supporting Byron, who walked rather unsteadily, his bandaged hands hanging limply at his sides.

"I'll have to take him to the village," the doctor announced softly. "Both hands must be amputated immediately before poisoning sets in."

Byron kept his eyes on the floor; no breath of emotion flickered across his face. There were gasps of horror, a great many clenched fists, and averted faces at the announcement.

Then, suddenly, in the back of the room an almost inaudible wailing began and a man rushed forward.

"Ronnie, I'm sorry! Sorry, sorry, sorry!" He collapsed weeping at the boy's feet. Byron's face hardened as he looked at the limp, sobbing body of Michel Cordoy.

"Shall we go?" he asked the doctor. He faced the rest of us and said in that harsh voice that was so unlike him, "Someone take care of Cordoy." Several men leaped to do so. Then Byron continued.

"There will be no amputation. The doctor is a clever man. Cordoy, besides being a jealous one, is a foolish one. He crept upon me from behind, knocked me into unconsciousness and then cut my hands. The shock of the cutting revived me enough to see his back as he left the room. My knowledge plus the doctor's adroitness have brought on this little touching scene."

The doctor and Byron proceeded to the door where Byron suddenly turned, a trace of his old affable smile on his face.

"I wonder if you mind too terribly if I postpone my concert until a later date. I feel slightly indisposed."

1. With ROTH at the gun
Our wars will be won.

2. With STANGEL at the helm
Our foes we'll overwhelm.

You Don't Have To Go Around Like This—

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3. This victim sad of TARDY HALL

Looks as if he's going to BAWL.

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Report To Jordan

(Continued from page 13)

The island had disappeared below the horizon before the captain could bring himself to write his report. In the midst of it, he leaped to his feet and strode to the chart file; the accursed island had a name—it must have a name. He projected his oldest map on the panel and searched for the sector in which they were sailing. Only one island was in the area. The captain pondered over the old style script and secretly wished he had paid a bit more attention when reading about the linguistic accomplishments of the twenty-second century. The name was queer looking as well as cumbersome. He experimented with the name, saying it to himself, then tapped it out on the autotype—Bikini.

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The Customer Is Always

(Continued from Page 45)

laughing at a humorous birthday card; candy counter—glass showcase covered with nose-prints and sticky marks of pointing fingers, bargaining children trying to see what they'll get most of; cosmetic counter —a heavily-rouged girl buying eyebrow blackening, pancake make-up, and various creams, a clean-looking girl purchasing a bar of soap, pathetic old age buying rejuvenating creams, people smelling perfumes, soaps, and toothpastes, slick men with greasy hair buying scented hair tonics.

Everywhere the people leave their mark. By their various questions which you give a standard answer to, by the different things they buy, and by the little trademarks, articles, and shopping lists left behind, you realize the customer is always—*different.*

When a girl marries

(Continued from Page 16)

the community. While opinions may differ as to the quality of this type of production, the acting is quite often of a high caliber.

The "cliff-hangers" provide escape from the everyday, humdrum duties of a housewife while flattering her at the same time. Relieving her of household drudgery, they teach her lessons in living, their exponents claim. But psychologists assert that radio programs of this type tend to cause nervous frustration and also to accentuate the ills they are supposed to remedy. The twenty million women who are apparently interested in the soap operas deserve a better form of entertainment. The basic plots could be improved, substituting intelligent understanding and purposeful living for morbid and maudlin sentimentality. This shabby art should be made to serve the people instead of distorting and exploiting their emotional life.

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in this 1947 school year and wish you the best of success and happiness

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Silent Night, Holy Night

(Continued from Page 38)

fear lingered with the memory of the horrible event.

Home in safety she could once more think.

Was it all true? Could it be possible that she had imagained it? She knew that right now her mental state wasn't right. Maybe her grief and fear had caused those sounds. Troubled with these thoughts, she escaped into sleep.

The next morning headlines were, *Lunatic Escapes from Asylum.* Farther on, the story read, "It is believed that the lunatic was in the vicinity of the St. Rose church last night. Neighbors reported a mad ringing of the church bells after twelve, which they said could have been done only by an insane person."

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Makes you sparkle like a stolen jewel.

8. When it gets cold, and bleak with fog
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Manhattan Tower

(Continued from Page 16)

cess by a month's stay in a luxurious suite in Manhattan.

The first side of record one starts out with the central character entering the tower for the first time in reality, although he had imagined it many times. One of the best passages is where he states, "The traffic in the street below my tower is a huge orchestra conducted by the Statue of Liberty."

On the reverse side of the first record we learn that a continuous party is in progress, with friends won years ago and a wonderful waiter named Noah.

But there was quiet in the tower too—"Time to look out of the tower and stare at the concrete poetry of Manhattan's midnight skyline."

Love In a Tower comes in the guise of a million violins—"Each note a sigh or a glance or a kiss."

The Manhattan song in the street is a strain of promise to the hero. "A promise that some day the tower would be mine. Some day I would return, for I had left my heart in the tower." The music dies away with the faint sound of railroad wheels getting softer as he rides away from his Magical City.

The music and narration are closely coordinated in these records with the result that they are smooth and even. The blending is skillfully accomplished, and the listener is conscious of just the right degree in gradation of tone color.

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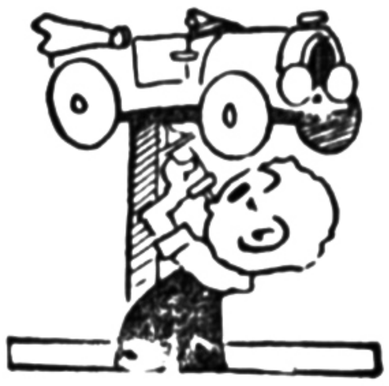

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Chrysler - Plymouth

Mrs. Harry Pehrson

(Continued from Page 8)

Her one ambition was to have a home and children. She feels that real family life is more worthwhile than being a concert singer.

"The nicest thing that ever happened to me," she softly murmured, "was having my Robbie come home safely from the war. I don't see how people can sit in church and not give and give if God has ever once given to them."

When asked what her most embarrassing moment was, she cried, "Oh, Laws, I have them all the time."

Mrs. Pehrson heartily dislikes the political attitude of this country and says that the land is led by statesmen of inferior quality, not the thinking men of the nation. "If they would only place good before greed," she emphatically declared, "we wouldn't have to worry so much about war."

She likes almost everything, especially fine music and the privilege of hearing it, and is one of the few people who can look back and remember only the lovely things. "The future is too important to remember the follies of the past," she said.

Mrs. Pehrson is truly an inspiration to all her pupils and her community. With her talents and abilities she hopes to show people that music is an outlet for one's emotions and a great and driving force in a good life.

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STARDUST

By DONNA KITZEROW '47

"Sometimes I wonder why I spend the lonely night dreaming of a song. The melody haunts my reverie, and I am once again with you . . . "

Although I feel desolate and empty inside when I hear the melody, to my mind it rings beautiful memories. It's funny how a lump in one's throat just sticks there, and won't move.

I can remember every detail of the moment we met. It was the same old scene—soft lights, and the distant, sweet flowing tones of *Stardust* will haunt me forever. I became almost happy thinking back on every moment, especially the small picnic lunches we would pack on a summer afternoon. They were always such fun, because we would decide on them on the spur of the moment. Towards fall we went on long, brisk hikes, usually on Sunday afternoons. Sometimes we would run as fast as we could, and end up on top of some windy hill, laughing over nothing, just because we felt like doing it. It was all these little things that became so terribly important just before Joel left for the Army. Every minute seemed to count so much, yet flew by so quickly!

Strange, how things can change. Nothing is important now. There is no hurry. I feel nothing whatever when I read the telegram over and over again, "We regret to inform you . . . "

I have not yet been able to realize that I am alone. I am neither happy nor unhappy. I am still living in our world, a world of lovely dreams.

Mail Order Catalogue

(Continued from page 10)

An excess of anything is not good, a wise philosopher once stated. Thus it is in our household, for my brother likes nothing better than to lug my highly treasured catalogues to the Boy Scout paper drive. There is little I can do to prevent him from performing his patriotic duty.

I believe the mail-order companies have finally discovered that I am not a good customer, for they have stopped sending me their catalogues. I write polite letters asking for their current editions, but they do not send me any, because of the severe paper shortage, so they say. It is my contention that they are catching on to me: no orders, no catalogue. I suppose I'll have to mend my ways or get along without my mail-order diversion.

15. Your sword's getting dull?
Well, don't be blue.
Lincoln's shop will fix it for you.

16. Hammocks for each student
Would really be a scream.
The study halls would be
A comfy place to dream.

17. The office vault (good place to be)
Is where the treasure is, you see.

18. Are you kidding?

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Drew Pearson

(Continued from Page 17)

Pearson has often beaten rival columnists to the news. One of his specialties is telling of the appointment or retirement of public officials before any else has reported it. It was he who revealed that Stalin had issued an ultimatum ordering the American troops to stand by and allow the Russians to enter Berlin first. At times he lets his imagination carry him too far. Because some of his "scoops" have been so ridiculous, President Roosevelt once referred to him as a "chronic liar". Pearson is a left-winger.

At the present time Pearson is trying to gain control of a Baltimore radio station so that he will have a chance to flood the national capital with his views. Now he has a weekly program on which he makes his famous predictions of things to come.

No one can deny that Pearson is often 'way off, but his ideas are interesting even though it is hard to disentangle the facts and his own fictitious ideas.

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